

FIFTY CENTS *

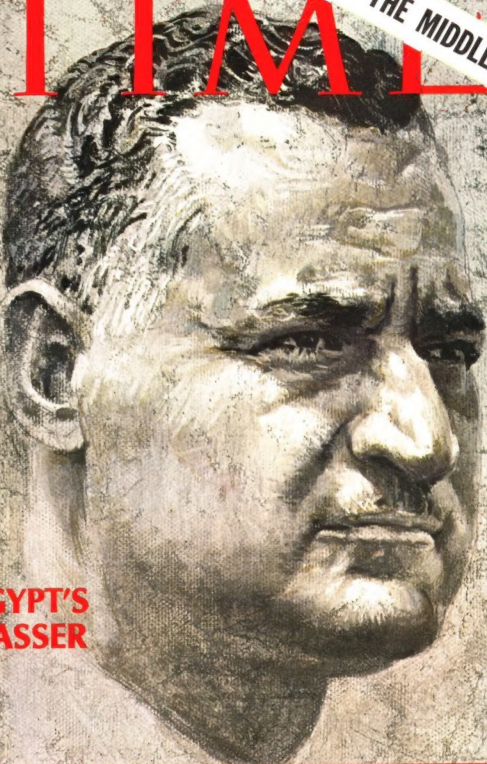
MAY 16, 1969

DEADLOCK IN THE MIDDLE EAST

TIME

EGYPT'S
NASSER

CH. LEVILL



Goodbye Old Paint



Anti-EstablishMint
Hulla Blue
Original Cinnamon
Freudian Gilt
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FORD MAVERICK  \$1995*



When you make a maverick car, you paint it maverick colors. Bright, bold colors with names to match. (Who says economy has to be dull?) But Maverick gives you much more. You get a car that rivals the economy imports in price—and tops them in power, performance, and room.

Maverick's Six lets loose 105 horses. You get to 70 mph turnpike speeds in a hurry. More good news: Maverick's gas mileage is what you might expect in an import.

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Maverick is designed to be unusually easy to service. And there are over 6,000 easy-to-find Ford dealers to handle Maverick parts and service. So say farewell to old paint. Say goodbye to old-style driving. Say hello to Maverick, the first car of the 70's...at 1960 prices.

For scale model of Ford Maverick, send \$1 to Maverick, P. O. Box 5197, Dept. D-2, Detroit, Michigan 48211. Offer ends 7-31-69.



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discovered the sky is virtually yours alone, contrary to exaggerated talk about "crowded skies"—a situation which exists at only a handful of major airports at certain times of the day.

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with excitement.**

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MOËT

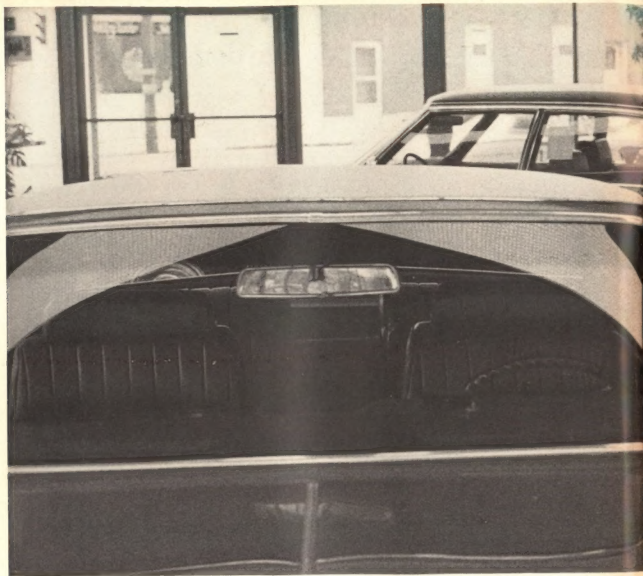
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You don't have to have a lot of money to benefit from a trust. Regardless of the size of your estate, your wife will receive professional advice in making investments. Income and principal payments can be made to her as she desires. Needs and education of the children can be provided for. And a trust can minimize federal estate taxes, too.

If you're interested, and would like more information about the services of a trust company that has been safeguarding family assets for over 80 years, just call Otto J. Zack, Vice President at DE 2-7700 or write to us: The Trust Division of Chicago Title and Trust Company, 111 West Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois 60602. No obligation.

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The airline that's better because
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That's the difference pride makes.



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The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail

Nobody's perfect. That's why Minolta made the SR-T 101. It's a 35mm single lens reflex—a lot of pros like to use, yet it's easy enough for almost anyone to get great pictures with.

That's because it knows a little more.

It has a viewfinder that lets you see the shutter speed and lens opening indicator. So the camera never has to leave your eye. And you always get a bright view because the lens stays wide open until you shoot.

The SR-T 101 also tells you how much light you need for the right exposure. It has a unique device called the Contrast Light Compensator ("CLC" for short). Which means a through-the-lens metering system that works even in the shadows.

To top it off, the SR-T 101 takes a full range of precision Rokkor lenses from 18mm to 1000mm. In addition, there are many accessories to make life behind the SR-T 101 even easier.

You can get the Minolta SR-T 101 from under \$245 to under \$335, plus case, depending on your choice of Rokkor f/1.7, f/1.4 or f/1.2 normal lens.

From the moment you put your eye to the Minolta SR-T 101, you'll see how you can know a little less and still get a whole lot more.



**You can
know a little less
because it knows
a little more.**



The Minolta SR-T 101 35mm Reflex Camera

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 14

SPECTRUM (NET, 8-8:30 p.m.): "The Trembling Earth" reports on new methods being used by seismologists to study earthquakes. Repeat.

KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.): Tony Sandler, Ralph Young and Judy Carne start their twelve weeks of summer hosting with Guest Star Lena Horne.

Thursday, May 15

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8-10 p.m.): Orson Bean and Dustin Hoffman in *The Star Wagon*, a comedy-fantasy by Maxwell Anderson. The wagon is actually a time machine that gives people a chance to see whether their lives would be different if they could relive them. Repeat.

Friday, May 16

COMRADE SOLDIER (ABC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.) takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain to examine the life and training of a Soviet army recruit and finds some amazing differences between today's G.I. Joe and his Russian counterpart.

Saturday, May 17

THE PREAKNESS (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). The 94th running of the Preakness, which is the second leg of the Triple Crown, from Maryland's Pimlico race track.

HOLLYWOOD PALACE (ABC, 9:30-10:30 p.m.): Dan Rowan and Dick Martin slip over to ABC for "a comedy concert."

Sunday, May 18

APOLLO 10 (Noon). All three networks will cover the launching of the Apollo 10 spacecraft and will present special reports during its eight-day flight.

A.A.U. TRACK-AND-FIELD MEETS (CBS, 4:30-5:30 p.m.): The premiere of a series of 18 championship track-and-field meets held in the U.S. and Europe will present live coverage of the Martin Luther King International Freedom Games at Villanova University in Villanova, Pa.

THE POGO SPECIAL BIRTHDAY SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-9 p.m.): Pogo and his pals from the Okefenokee Swamp decide that every day should be a holiday and start things off by throwing a surprise birthday party for Porky Pine.

Monday, May 19

ALAN AND HIS BUDDY (NBC, 8-9 p.m.): A two-man show, specializing in satire, where the Man is King and his Buddy is Hackett.

Tuesday, May 20

CBS NEWS HOUR (CBS, 10-11 p.m.): "A Question of Values," the first of a three-part series called "Generations Apart," will look into the attitudes on both sides of the generation gap.

THEATER

On Broadway

HAMLET. Some actors merely occupy space; Nicol Williamson rules the stage. His nasal voice has the sting of an adder; his furrowed brow is a topography of inconceivable anguish. His *Hamlet* is a seismogram of a soul in shock. Here is a *Hamlet* of

© All times E.D.T.

The Legend of 100 Pipers

There's a legend
that says you hear
one Piper playing when
you sip a good Scotch.
Two Pipers, if the
Scotch is smooth.
Maybe five or six,
if it's mellow.

But only when you
sip a truly great, great
Scotch will you ever hear
one hundred Pipers.
So goes the legend.

Seagram captured this
legend in a bottle and
called it 100 Pipers.
Which tells you
something about the
taste of our Scotch.



Seagram's 100 Pipers Scotch.
Taste that matches legend.

Every drop bottled in Scotland at 66 Proof, Blended.
Scotch Whisky Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

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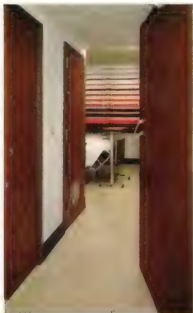
the environment of warmth and beauty without the expense of year-in, year-out maintenance.



Modern medical techniques and equipment require surfaces with the high performance qualities of FORMICA® laminate, used here in an intensive care control station.



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Would you invest \$1,350⁰⁰ in a business of your own...

*if you could expect to make
\$2,000 or more in profits
every month?*

Would you be interested in such a business right now, if you could be certain of success before resigning your present position or giving up your present pay check? If your answer is "yes" send your name today for complete details, mailed free to your home.

By Jerome S. Shaw, Chairman of the Board.



Though less than five years old, our company already has started more than 400 men or women or man-and-wife teams in one of the most rapidly growing private businesses of the decade. It is a business which you can completely own and control, yet have the training, the financing, and the continuing help of the parent company. It is a business in which you make profits not only on your own efforts, but many times more from the work of others whom you supervise.

It is such a business that we invite ambitious men to consider. With a spectacular record of response in many areas of the United States, our corporation is now ready to appoint Pathway Plan Sales Coordinators in a limited number of additional marketing areas. Our success and the success of our coordinators has been built on two things—Product and Plan. Both are unique.

In describing just one of our products, a highly regarded marketing consultant said:

"Seldom have I had a product submitted which so completely meets the requirements for instant public acceptance; for tremendous volume; for substantial profit margin; and for sustained and growing repeat business. The fact that \$3 worth of Hastel® gives the housewife the equivalent of about \$30 worth of products she now buys from the supermarket, makes her an eager and steady customer. The fact that all your products are used up and bought over and over gives your franchised Sales Coordinators a growth and profit potential found in very few other non-food products."

All the Pathway Products are the result of modern technological advances in the research laboratory. Based on Space-age knowledge, they were designed primarily to make household chores easier for the housewife; secondly to make demonstrations so dramatic that the housewife who witnesses their action cannot resist buying.

The second factor which makes possible a profit potential of \$2,000 a month or more is the Pathway Plan. No Pathway Product is to be found in any retail store. As Sales Coordinator in your area you may have from five to 30 people acting as your distributors. Since they must get their products from you as Coordinator, you make a profit on everything they sell.

If you have the desire, and if you can qualify for one of the areas now to be opened, you will receive complete training in all facets of the operation of your business. You will be shown how to hire and train others, how to keep records, how to build for steady growth. Experienced members of the headquarters staff will work with you in making a successful start and then will be available for help and guidance in promoting the rapid expansion of your business.

The Pathway Plan gives you many of the advantages usually found only in a costly franchise. Yet there is no "franchise fee" and no continuing royalty to pay. Your initial investment quickly comes back in cash as your staff sells the starting supply of products. Your total investment is \$3,950.00, but for responsible men or women our Corporation will arrange financing for 3/4 of the cost so that your initial investment need not be more than \$1,350.00.

The Pathway Plan is not one for dreamers or for those who expect success without effort. If you have the determination to be master of your own destiny; the determination to become personally and

financially independent in a business of your own you may qualify. To learn more, merely send your name.

We will be glad to mail complete information free and with no obligation. Read the facts in the privacy of your home. Discuss the opportunity with other members of your family. Then, if you are interested in learning more about one of the areas now available, we will arrange for a personal interview during which we will reveal every detail of the Pathway Plan and acquaint you with every unique Product in the Pathway Line. Based on what you learn, you can then decide whether you wish to apply for appointment as a Sales Coordinator.

Asking for this information does not obligate you in any way. No stamp is needed. Merely mail the card with your name. But do not delay as the areas which are now open for new Coordinators may be closed within the next few weeks. Delay of even a few days might deprive you of this opportunity.



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FROM ENGLAND BY ROSSBOLD 100% 46 PROOF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

spleen and sorrow, of fire and ice, of bantering sensuality, withering sarcasm and soaring intelligence. He cuts through the music of the Shakespearean line to the marrow of its meaning. He spares the perfidious king who killed his father no contempt, but he saves his rage for the unfeeling gods who, in all true tragedy, make and mangle human destiny. Take him, all in all, for a great, mad, doomed, spine-shivering Hamlet, and anyone who fails to see Williamson during this limited engagement will not look upon his like again.

1776 presents a stereotypical version of the key signers of the Declaration of Independence, together with the sometimes abrasive, sometimes soporific deliberations of the Second Continental Congress. With a practically nonexistent musical score, the show brings the heroic, tempestuous birth of a nation down to a feeble vaudevilian jape.

FORTY CARATS, with Julie Harris as a middle-aged divorcee wooed and won by a lad nearly half her age, enters a sing and plausible plea for a single standard of judgment on age disparity in marriage.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM is Woody Allen's play in which he also stars as a young man with so many hang-ups that he makes his audience feel positively healthy.

HADRIAN VII. Alec McCowen gives a masterly performance in Peter Luke's play as the English eccentric, Frederick William Rolfe, a rejected candidate for the priesthood who eventually imagines himself elected Pope.

Off Broadway

THE MAN WITH THE FLOWER IN HIS MOUTH. An evening of three one-acters by Italian Playwright Luigi Pirandello. The title play deals with death. *The License* with the evil eye, and *The Jar* with innate human idiocy. The actor who animates each is Jay Novello, a wily performer with a tasty slice of prosciutto in him.

ADAPTATION—NEXT are two one-acters directed by Satirist Elaine May. *Adaptation*, Miss May's own play, is cleverly staged like a TV contest, with Gabriel Dell playing the adaptation game from birth to death. James Coco gives an enormously successful performance as a middle-aged man undergoing a humiliating induction examination in Terrence McNally's *Next*.

RECORDINGS

Rock

THE LIVE ADVENTURES OF MIKE BLOOMFIELD AND AL KOOPER (2 LPs; Columbia). Mike Bloomfield makes his singing debut with a couple of Ray Charles songs, among others, and shows a bit of Charles' lilting, hesitating sense of the blues. Bloomfield's forte is still his blues guitar playing, which is at its best on this looser, more spontaneous follow-up to his first performance with Kooper on the LP *Super Session*.

CREAM: GOODBYE (Atco). This British trio produced a distinctive, complex, closely woven blanket of sound. Actually, each member of the group—Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker—is a highly individualistic musician, and only the centrifugal force of their hard-driving performances kept them together for nearly three years. Just before disbanding, Cream said goodbye with this album. It is the cream of their crop.

BEE GEES: ODESSA (2 LPs; Atco). There is a nostalgic quality to these inventive, richly melodious ballads, which are sung



We'll make you feel good all over.

For openers, Chicagoans, we'll make you feel welcome and wanted. And from what we hear, that's really something on planes these days. (Perhaps because it's something you can't teach in eight weeks of airline school.) Call it our Britishness, call it what you will, but we'll make you feel that somebody up there cares.

We certainly have the people to do it. Up front, our Captains come as close to the storybook notion of pilots as any you'll meet. A Chief Steward runs the show from the service end, assisted by a First and Second Steward and three stewardesses. So you shouldn't have any trouble getting attention when you want a pillow or another cocktail.

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BOAC makes you feel good all over, all over. Direct from Chicago to London or Montreal. From the U.S.A. to Europe, the Caribbean, Africa, the Middle East, the Orient, Australia. And we won't let you down on care once we set you down. Our ground staff has a reputation to live up to.

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American Myth No. 2



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richer.**

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The First National Bank of Chicago
Trust Department





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A "scorched," brittle leaf... a twig with a long, narrow canker... a thickened callus around a canker — this can be tree language warning you that a destructive fungus has wintered over and is attacking all over again.

Talk back! Get a dependable diagnosis from your local Davey representative. If the trouble is one of the many kinds of fungus that can disfigure trees, it can be controlled. Chances are good that Davey can bring back the happiness of a healthy, luxuriant tree.

Davey men will prune infected branches, remove dead or broken branches, and clear away diseased leaves. This rids the tree of all possible sources of infection. If needed, Davey will also advise a safe, timely spray application of the most effective fungicide. And if you catch the trouble early enough, a preventive spray can be effectively applied when leaves are first opening.

This treatment, along with a Davey deep-root feeding of specially formulated tree food, will give your trees renewed vigor to help fight tree diseases, and bring trees to their full beauty.

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Why fly somebody else's planes, when Braniff has red ones, and orange ones, and blue ones, and purple ones, and they all stay on-time. And when I grow up, I want to dress like the Braniff hostesses do. Let's see now. Well, the food is very very good, even though I'm a picky eater. And they serve it very nice. And they always have lots of cherries in the soda water. So, wherever we're going, I ask my Travel Agent: "Does Braniff fly there too? Put me on it."

Jody Ann Levine

EXTRA! EXTRA!
Braniff just won
the On-Time Record
for all of 1968.
(That means Braniff arrives on time
more regularly than any other airline in the U.S.)

earnestly, sometimes with a trifle too much vibrato. Sounding occasionally like a whole-some choir of Beatles, this Anglo-Australian quintet is sufficiently international to handle soft rock, country and Western, and songs that sound like folk even if they are not. But while this is their best album, the Bee Gees are sometimes swallowed alive by the lush harmonies of the singing strings in the background.

MOTHERS OF INVENTION: RUBEN & THE JETS (Verve). Ruben is a put-on and a take-off. Founding fathers of rock duds, the Mothers have a picnic singing their own freshly minted Golden Oldies ("Jelly roll gum drop got my eyes on you," "I need it, I need it, 'cause it feels so fine"). The mock-sentimental collection is hilarious, at least for a while.

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE: BLESS ITS POINTED LITTLE HEAD (RCA). The Airplane may be coming down to earth. Recorded live for the first time, they change head music to body music as they repeat some old songs (*Somebody to Love*, *Plastic Fantastic Lover*). Even so, acid rock is still the foundation of the Airplane, and the eleven-minute *Bea, Beal!* is a darkly mysterious throwback to their old surrealistic cerebrations.

THE FLYING BURRITO BROTHERS (A & N) are musical siblings of The Byrds, to which two of the founding Burritos (Gram Parsons and Chris Hillman) once belonged. Like The Byrds, the Brothers favor a nasal country style of folk-rock, with twanging, Nashville-style guitar picking and clove-knit, churchy harmonies. They bounce along with sardonic glee in an ode to draft dodging called *My Uncle*, and commemorate the sorrows of unrequited love in a mock-dour lament, *Inanida*.

JOHNNY WINTER (Columbia). According to reports in the trade, Columbia has guaranteed \$600,000 over the next five years to this unknown, cross-eyed, albino blues singer from East Texas. Judging by his first album for the company, it may have been a pretty good deal. Johnny's raspy, throaty, wailing voice is perfectly suited to traditional blues, while his lightning-fast finger work, on both electric and acoustic "bottleneck" guitar, can only be compared to the style of such legendary black musicians as Robert Johnson and T-Bone Walker.

CINEMA

THE LOVES OF ISADORA. The distributors of this biography of Dancer Isadora Duncan have severely truncated and distorted a complex and colorful life by cutting over half an hour out of the film. But even wholesale butcherery could diminish Vanessa Redgrave's magnificent performance in the title role.

STOLEN KISSES. This exhilarating film by François Truffaut catches the glow of its director's warm humor and characteristically gentle insights into the benign folly and innocence of adolescence.

GOODBYE, COLUMBUS. Larry Peerce is a director with a lamentable sense of style and a laudable way with actors. Although his version of Philip Roth's 1959 novella of young love in suburbia is full of visual vulgarities, Richard Benjamin and stunning Newcomer Ali MacGraw save the show with their finely shaded performances.

THE NIGHT OF THE FOLLOWING DAY might have been just another kidnapping movie, but Director Hubert Cornfield has a sure and shrewd eye that transforms an ordinary story into a surreal seminar in the

Will the typewriter that taps out your school notes still be tapping when you run the PTA?



The sort of portable most students get, barely makes it through college.

Because most portables are tinny little things, lightweight in performance as well as poundage. They skid around as you work and have clickity keys that jam up. Not much joy to use. And not in use for too long!

Not so the Hermes 3000! It's got everything a sturdy office machine has...cleverly honed down by its Swiss engineers to a portable 18 lbs. (including case).

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For the name of your nearest Hermes dealer write to Paillard Incorporated, And Flying Red Lower Road, Linden, New Jersey 07036. Or call (800) 553-9550 free. In Iowa call collect (319) 242-1867.

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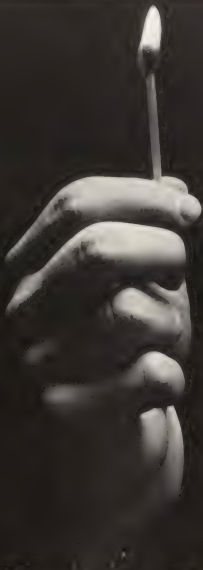
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If you feel your child can do much better, call Educational Resources. Their program is open to any Chicago area student up through the college level. In a personal interview, any one of their staff will be glad to discuss the entire program with you. Call 973-2115, or write: Educational Resources, Inc., 2320 West Peterson Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60645.

poetics of psychological terror. The small cast is uniformly excellent, and Marlon Brando does his best work in years as a slangy hipster-criminal.

MY SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN AND RING OF BRIGHT WATER are two children's films that do not talk down to their audience. *Mountain* is about a Canadian lad who runs away from home to live in the wilderness. *Ring* about a London accountant who adopts an otter. Both films are slight, sincere and very pleasant.

THE FIXER. An adaptation of Bernard Malamud's Pulitzer prizewinning novel that is faithful to the original in its impassioned portrait of the dignity of individual man. John Frankenheimer directs with taste, and the actors—notably Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm—are transcendent in their roles.

SWEET CHARITY is a multimillion-dollar musical that huffs and puffs its frenetic way to a maudlin conclusion. Shirley MacLaine as a piliated dancehall hostess is good enough, but all of Director-Choreographer Bob Fosse's strenuous cinematic trickery does little to establish a single, compelling style.

BOOKS

Best Reading

PICTURES OF FIDELMAN by Bernard Malamud. Yet another *schlemiel*-saint in fiction—but this one is canonized by Malamud's compassionate talent.

THE IMPERFECT SOCIETY, by Milovan Djilas. The author, who has spent years in Yugoslav prisons for deriding the regime, now argues that Communism is disint-

egrating there and elsewhere as a new class of specialists—technicians, managers, teachers, artists—prevails for a more flexible society.

BULLET PARK, by John Cheever. In his usual setting of uncomfortably comfortable suburbs, Cheever stages the struggle of two men—one mild and monogamous, the other rootless and haunted—over the fate of a boy.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE-FIVE, by Kurt Vonnegut Jr. Through flashbacks to the fire-bombing of Dresden in World War II, this agonizing, outrageous, funny and profoundly rueful fable tries to say something about human cruelty and self-protective indifference.

ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A LIFE STORY, by Carlos Baker. The long-awaited official biography offers the first complete and cohesive account of a gifted, troubled, flamboyant figure who has too often been recollected in fragmentary and partisan memoirs.

URGENT COPY, by Anthony Burgess. In a collection of brilliant short pieces about a long list of literary figures (from Dickens to Dylan Thomas), the author brings many a critical chicken home to roost.

EDWARD LEAR, THE LIFE OF A WANDERER, by Vivien Noakes. In this excellent biography, the Victorian painter, poet, fantasist and author of *A Book of Nonsense* is seen as a kindly, gifted man who courageously tried to stay cheerful despite an astonishing array of diseases.

THE MILITARY PHILOSOPHERS, by Anthony Powell. The ninth volume in his serial novel, *A Dance to the Music of Time*, expertly conveys Powell's innumerable char-

acters through the intrigue, futility, boredom and heroism of World War II.

LETTERS FROM ICELAND, by W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice. A minor masterpiece, written in 1936 when two talented, irreverent young poets knocked about above the tree line and put time on ice.

TORREGRECA, by Ann Cornelissen. Full of an orphan's love for her adopted town, the author has turned a documentary of human adversity in southern Italy into the autobiography of a divided heart.

Best Sellers

FICTION


1. Portnoy's Complaint, Roth (1 last week)
2. The Godfather, Puzo (2)
3. Slaughterhouse-Five, Vonnegut (4)
4. Except for Me and Thee, West (9)
5. A Small Town in Germany, Le Carre (7)
6. Airport, Hailey (6)
7. The Salzburg Connection, MacInnes (3)
8. Sunday the Rabbi Stayed Home, Kemelman (5)
9. The Vines of Yarrabee, Eden (8)
10. The Lost Queen, Lofis (10)

NONFICTION

1. Ernest Hemingway, Baker (5)
2. The 900 Days, Salisbury (11)
3. Jennie, Martin (2)
4. The Money Game, 'Adam Smith' (3)
5. The Peter Principle, Peter and Hull (9)
6. Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women, Craig (4)
7. The Trouble with Lawyers, Bloom (6)
8. The Tragedy of Lyndon Johnson, Goldman (7)
9. Inland Island, Johnson
10. Instant Reply, Kramer (10)

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*Optional measurements.

LETTERS

Disaster Area

Sir: Let there be no doubt the recent events at Cornell (May 2) were a disaster for American education. A liberal school's administration and faculty, in a dramatic gesture given worldwide attention, bowed to the unreasonable demands of an armed minority led by a demagogue who threatened leading administrators and faculty members over a university-owned radio station and backed by a foolish mob of guilt-ridden, self-flagellating whites finding "institutionalized racism" behind every bush.

For the past 16 months, Cornell's administration has rewarded coercive methods every time they were used. Last year, a visiting economics professor was subjected to an investigation of allegedly racist remarks he had made in class, after black students took over an economics department office. This year, demands for an effectively black-controlled Center for Afro-American Studies were met following a series of semiviolent and disruptive demonstrations. Months later, three alumni re-recruiting for the Chase Manhattan Bank were ousted by administrators faced by an angry and destructive mob. No students have been punished for such acts.

It is no accident that men of moral integrity teaching politically sensitive subjects are afraid to teach at Cornell. Allegedly racist statements have been the object of coercive methods here before—and undoubtedly will be again. College administrators and faculty members all across the country will soon learn the term "racist" is no more a catchall than "Communist" was in Joe McCarthy's heyday.

PAUL A. RAHE JR.

The Cornell Daily Sun
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir: Do you really believe that there is a radical conspiracy taking over our colleges? The way we view the situation in which there are over 70 demonstrations on American college campuses in one week is that perhaps the situation is unstable. Perhaps the college communities which are the intellectual centers are also the most perceptive about the problems facing the U.S. and realize that without some changes now American society will deteriorate. When there is so much unrest on the college level and in the cities over racial problems, urban problems and the war in Viet Nam, perhaps it is time to act to alleviate this unrest rather than stifle its expression so that it will merely erupt later.

25 CORNELL UNIVERSITY STUDENTS
Ithaca, N.Y.

All That Jazz

Sir: Your admirable Essay, "The Dilemma of Black Studies" (May 2) ignored, curiously, the one element of black culture where the record of black accomplishment is not only glorious but also widely recognized and widely acclaimed: music. It is, moreover, the one area where black culture has proved both irresistibly attractive and easily accessible to whites. "Jazz," writes Gilbert Chase, "may be regarded as our most original and far-reaching contribution to the world's music."

But you would never know it from a look at the curriculums of our nation's 350-odd university conservatories. Although there are upwards of 400 university jazz bands, most of them exist outside the approved educational curriculum and do not earn degree credits for participation.

This illustrates vividly, I think, your Essay's point that "white-oriented courses more or less ignore Negro contributions to American history and culture," that they constitute "white-washed education." There is no discrimination against the black student who wants to play Beethoven concertos or sing opera. But for instruction in jazz or rhythm-and-blues—nothing dull! That this discrimination is cultural rather than racial is demonstrated by the fact that the young white jazz musician is no better off.

Here is both tragedy and travesty. An Afro-American musical idiom is today not just the music of the Negro young. It is the music of the young of all colors—and not only the young—around the world. This is an area where black and white meet on congenial terms and where the vitality and high quality of the Negro contribution is unquestioned. It is an area of great opportunity—and because the opportunity is so great, it is also an area of inescapable responsibility.

HENRY PLEASANTS

London

Bridge on the Road

Sir: I applaud your unbiased report on Charles de Gaulle's resignation (May 2), which is a vital moment in European history. First, we should thank him because in spite of obstacles, dangers and pressures he knew the right thing to do at the time it had to be done. In this way, an extraordinary man, a remarkable politician of great maturity retired into a post chapter of French history, and a new page is opening.

His defeat, however, is not the end of the road, but a bridge to a European in-

tegration. His departure will no doubt make progress in revitalizing the American-European Community. As such, all Western nations should support France to help replace despair with opportunity until good becomes better, and better becomes best. This is the only guarantee toward a monetary, economic and political stability in the Western world.

ROGER DE BORIERE

Antwerp, Belgium

Sir: The old man has done it again! Here is my theory: De Gaulle wants Pompidou as his successor. He requests Pompidou to resign with this idea in mind, allowing Pompidou to disassociate himself from the most unpopular problems faced by De Gaulle. Pompidou's figure is kept well within the public eyes. De Gaulle calls for a referendum. If he wins, he can nominate Pompidou as his Premier and successor. If he loses, Pompidou is not hurt by the results and is still the most prominent candidate to succeed De Gaulle. One way or the other, as on almost every occasion, the old man has his way.

HORACIO CASATI

Santiago, Chile

Now and Then

Sir: When I witness Republican leaders (May 2), such as Finch and Nixon, supporting, and even augmenting types of public assistance which the G.O.P. would clearly have labeled "Communist" 25 years ago (some yet do so) I have renewed faith that the world is becoming a more humane place. However, I wonder if these programs, and the people they were designed to help, might not be much better off today if the Republicans had come to their aid earlier with the same verve and enthusiasm.

ROGER YEARDLEY

Cincinnati

Sir: HFW Secretary Finch's comments and actions as reported in your cover story clearly indicate that the Administration considers the private sector one of our nation's greatest untapped resources. If effectively stimulated, nonpublic contributions to our social welfare, national priorities and quality of life will strengthen and complement the overpowering dictates of our Federal Government. However, two major obstacles must be recognized and surmounted: Too much private talent is wasted raising and seeking funds that are insufficient to finance more than token efforts. Federally determined priorities and policies refrigerate the enthusiasm of volunteers for programs that they are unable to direct.

A massive response from the private sector could be stimulated by allowing each corporate and individual taxpayer to pay a percentage of net federal income taxes to a recognized charity, educational institution, local government or authority, instead of the U.S. Government. Such a payment would give the taxpayer direct control over some portion of the taxes he has to pay anyway. Instead of rifled tax incentives to private industry that would create more administrative bureaucracy, the result of individuals and corporations being encouraged to pursue goals of their own choosing will be an improved national morale.

ROGER E. TITUS JR.

South Dartmouth, Mass.

Sir: To those who are camped on the White House steps, waiting for the torrent of decrees from Claudius Nero Ti-

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berius Nixon, I offer a soothing balm. Nothing is coming forth. Nothing at all. The Republicans are in. Nothing came forth from Coolidge, from Hoover nor Eisenhower. You see, the object is not to solve major problems but to make certain that a healthy climate prevails for big business and that nothing jars the stock market. Relax.

Mind if I tell you the ending? In the last reel, the Democrats rush in and get blamed for starting the war and spending the money it will take to straighten out the mess.

JACK L. RIVKIN

LEON SEGAL

A New Isolationism?

Sir: The Harris poll on "The Limits of Commitment" [May 2] indicates more than just a "mood of caution" on the part of the American people toward our military commitments. In the atmosphere of an unpopular, distant and costly war, the American public appears to be retreating into the predictable and dangerous mood of isolationism. Public sentiment that "others ought to solve their own problems" and that the U.S. should pull back into an "extremely limited orbit of protection," is as shortsighted as the feeling that the physical proximity of a threatened country be the determining factor in helping to defend it.

While the Harris survey did bring out some valid points, such as the desire for defense commitments in conjunction with allies, these were negated by a corresponding reluctance to unanimously defend even our staunchest allies and by the fact that such plans are unrealistic because the rest

of the free world shares our noninvolvement attitudes and is in fact highly dependent on us. Although there is no satisfying answer to the dilemma thus created, it is disappointing to see the lessons of history go unheeded, and that many of us still look for the easy way out in a complex world.

LEON SEGAL

Springing the Trap

Sir: The article on Erwin Tichauer and "A Better Mousetrap" [May 2] was very interesting. However, I hope the ideas described in the article are not representative of Mr. Tichauer's best thinking. There are problems with his ideas:

► The changed handle on the shovel does not reduce the lifting strain and may in fact place more requirements on the critical left arm. I would suggest a smaller shovel as the best way to reduce heart strain.

► The three-legged ladder puts one farther away from his work than an equivalent height four-legged. Furthermore, that top step will be very narrow, and that's where most people stand.

► The side-hinged oven door eliminates a work platform for the housewife, puts spills on the floor instead of the door, and increases the possibility of arm burns. Why not a door hinged near the bottom that will slide part way in after it is opened?

► The raised and moved electric skillet dial is more likely to catch on a sleeve or be bumped by the arm, upsetting the skillet as the cook attempts to turn or place something in it. Why not just incorporate

a twisting section into the handle similar to the gas control on the handlebars of a motorcycle?

► The phone dial: try dialing, particularly the higher numbers, and see if the hole is not best. Why not just make the dials larger with bigger holes?

LEON SEGAL

From Red to Black

Sir: TIME erred in reporting that Atlantic Richfield Company's earnings fell in the first quarter of 1969 [May 9]. To the contrary, Robert O. Anderson, chairman of Atlantic Richfield, announced at the annual meeting in Chicago on May 6 that net income for the quarter rose 7% to \$58,763,000 from \$54,957,000 in the like period of 1968.

RANDAL W. REED
Financial Vice President
Atlantic Richfield Co.
Manhattan

Be a Sport

Sir: I was amused by your article on Beate Uhse's West German "sporting goods" stores [May 2]. But no wonder the poor gal doesn't try to sell her wares here. She would be hauled into jail on her first day, while next door an American sporting goods store, selling enough guns to kill every cop in Chicago, would be within the law.

Bring Beate over. What this country needs is a little more sex and a little less violence. Sex is a lot more fun!

MRS. CHARLES TYBURN
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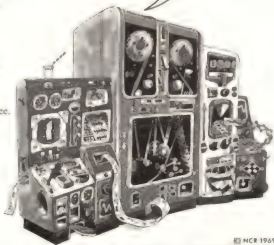
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A SINCERE
APOLOGY, TOO,
MAYBE?



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TIME, MAY 16, 1969

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TIME, MAY 16, 1969



GIGLI, SVEDBERG, SIMS, JONES, ADAMS AT LINDOS

A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

REPORTER Andrea Svedberg spent a long month last winter visiting Manhattan's high-fashion houses, selecting the minimal clothes to be shown in this week's color spread on the new nude look. But while finding the right garments turned out to be a time-consuming procedure, there was no difficulty in choosing the setting for the photographs. Because Greece and Crete, Sardinia, Rhodes and Rome are places where the nude look was familiar centuries ago, the editors decided that the only proper background would be the Mediterranean littoral.

Early this spring Andrea flew off to Rome, accompanied by Photographer Ormond Gigli, a trunkful of clothes and four top fashion models: ► Benedetta Bazzini, the daughter of Luigi (*The Italians*) Bazzini, divides her time between modeling and acting in Italy.
► Naomi Sims, who grew up in the heart of Pittsburgh, was making her first trip to Europe. She was determined to turn the voyage into a cram course on classical civilizations.
► Maud Adams migrated to Manhattan via Paris from her home in northern Sweden. She has managed to keep traveling, last year in India for a magazine that decided to

shoot the story of Cinderella there. ► Samantha Jones, a Canadian, did some modeling in Paris after dropping out of the University of Toronto. Her greatest adventure was a disappointing visit to the Dalai Lama: "He didn't tell me anything."
To travel around Rome, the girls, along with Gigli and his photographic gear, piled into a large Cadillac that the driver liked to boast once belonged to Pope John. When they moved to the island of Rhodes, they had to hire donkeys to carry themselves and their equipment up the steep approach to the temple of Athena at Lindos.

A crowded schedule and hasty traveling between locations brought unavoidable problems, but nothing was quite so disconcerting as the cold and rainy out-of-season weather that the travelers had to contend with. There were days when the models' clothes seemed doubly flimsy. As veterans of such assignments, Reporter Svedberg and Photographer Gigli had come prepared. Gigli handled his cameras while bundled up in a windbreaker; Andrea's working uniform was blue jeans, a heavy sweater and a ski jacket.

The Cover: Casein on canvas by Louis Glanzman.

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Not bad for a man who's not handy.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

May 16, 1969

Vol. 93, No. 20

THE NATION

THE VIET NAM WAR: MOVEMENT IN PARIS

AFTER a sterile year of non-negotiation in Paris, the combatants in the Viet Nam war seemed as far away as ever from agreement on peace terms. Then, during the anniversary week of the talks, two senior Communist representatives returned from North Viet Nam—via Moscow—with a few surprises in their luggage. At the first meeting after their return, held as usual in the old Hotel Majestic, Hanoi's top representative, Le Duc Tho, and the Viet Cong's showcase lady, Nguyen Thi Binh, opened for presentation a repackaged set of Communist proposals. In many respects it was the all-too-familiar farrago of impossible demands, but it contained sufficient changes in content and nuance to persuade the U.S. negotiating team that the Communists might finally be ready to talk serious business.

The ten-point paper, described by the Communists as an "overall solution to the South Viet Nam problem," was officially presented by the National Liberation Front delegate, Tran Bui Kiem. Clearly, it also reflected Hanoi's views. Compared with most previous pronouncements, the statement was refreshingly free of bombast. While Americans were still denounced as "imperialists" waging a "war of aggression," there was only one such reference, and it seemed almost pro forma. But for the first time the Communists mentioned a neutral postwar South Viet Nam that would maintain "diplomatic, economic and cultural relations" with the U.S.

Elliptic Hope. On specific issues, the N.L.F. paper renewed the Communists' insistence that the U.S. withdraw all its forces and dismantle all bases in South Viet Nam "without posing any condition whatsoever." That point alone remains unacceptable to Washington. But the demand was so elliptically couched as to suggest possible compromise. The Communists no longer said unequivocally that a unilateral U.S. evacuation was essential before discussions on political issues could begin. For the first time, too, they referred obliquely to removing North Vietnamese

forces from the South. Though the Communists insisted that this was a question to be settled by "the Vietnamese parties," they at least acknowledged that the issue was negotiable.

Departing from the Communist stand, the paper proposed international supervision of foreign-troop withdrawals, as previously suggested by the U.S. The N.L.F., of course, wants the supervision applied only to the departure of U.S. and allied forces, since it does not acknowledge the North Vietnamese as "foreign." Still, if international regulation could be established as a principle, it might be made to apply to both sides in the withdrawal—as well as to a subsequent national election.

All Social Strata. The N.L.F. terms seem to envision the establishment of an interim government to prepare the ground for a new constitution and na-

tional elections. The statement implies, without defining, a situation in which a cease-fire could precede the installation of a permanent government. This segment of the N.L.F. proposal seems to go part way toward satisfying the U.S. policy of separating the purely military side of a settlement from the political aspects of the final agreement. Said the N.L.F.: "During the period intervening between the restoration of peace and the holding of general elections, neither party shall impose its political regime on the people of South Viet Nam."

The N.L.F. used language that would be attractive to war-weary Americans. It talked of a "broad union of all social strata, political forces, nationalities, religious communities and all persons, no matter what their political beliefs and their past may be." It spoke of "broad democratic freedoms—freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly, freedom of belief, freedom to form political parties, freedom to demonstrate." None of these liberties, of course, exist in North Viet Nam or other Communist nations. The clear intent was to formalize Hanoi's hope of merging the two Viet Nams, a union that the Communist North would almost certainly dominate. Reunification, said the statement, "will be achieved step by step, by peaceful means, through discussions and agreement between the two zones, without foreign interference."

Bit of Cheer. What real impact will the ten points have on the war? It was impossible to tell so soon, and American officials in Paris, Washington and Key Biscayne, where Richard Nixon was spending a long weekend, were not rushing to any euphoric conclusions. Secretary of State William Rogers was cautious in the extreme in his first public comment on the statement: "It contains some clearly unacceptable proposals, but there are elements in it which may offer a possibility for exploration." Privately, officials gave the paper intense study. Their preliminary reading was that it represented the most significant development in the negotiations so



LE DUC THO ARRIVES IN PARIS
A new package with fewer strings.

DEFENSE

The Paper War

Of the myriad problems and risks posed by the nuclear age, none weighs so heavily on the strategist, politician and scientist as the need to anticipate the military balance five and ten years hence. Such foresight is a necessity because of the long lead time required to perfect weapons systems. The difficulty of reading the tarot cards of Atomic Age technology and rival nations' intentions is at the heart of the anti-halistic-missile dispute.

Last week opponents and supporters of ABM engaged in another exchange of paper missiles. The antagonists were acknowledged experts in their fields. Their arguments, pro and con, were well reasoned. Even so, they brought the issue no closer to a political solution in Congress or a popular verdict in the nation. The reason is that neither the critics nor the advocates of the ABM can argue with any certainty just what kind of attack the Russians or the Chinese may be capable of mounting in the next decade.

Few Kind Words. The most impressive battery of expert arguments brought together since the debate began appeared in modest lithograph form. It was a 340-page report by 16 scientists and other experts organized last February by Senator Edward Kennedy, a leader of the ABM critics. Jointly edited by M.I.T. Provost Jerome Wiesner and Harvard Law Professor Abram Chayes, the study included a paper by a Nobel laureate, Physicist Hans Bethe, as well as contributions by Arthur Goldberg, Theodore Sorensen, Bill Moyers and other veterans of service in high places. As expected, since Kennedy commissioned the review, the report contained few kind words for Safeguard, the Nixon Administration's proposed ABM system.

Instead, it was a detailed exposition of the technical, diplomatic and economic objections to the ABM, nearly all of which have been made before (TIME cover, March 14). Among them: the ABM in its present state of technology is of little value, is untested and untestable and is not worth the investment; moreover, it can be easily circumvented by the other side and, instead of bringing security, might well accelerate the arms race. Probably the document's key argument is that there is no compelling need to deploy the ABM—*for now at least*—whether it would work or not.

Defense Secretary Melvin Laird had staked the Administration's case on the contention that the Russians aim to achieve nuclear supremacy. He maintained that they will have the capability by the mid-70s to jeopardize the American power to retaliate against a first strike. If that forecast proves accurate, the foundation of U.S. nuclear strategy could disintegrate. There would be no capability to inflict "assured destruction" on the attacker.



QUAKERS PICKETING AT THE WHITE HOUSE
The moratorium is wearing thin.

far. Despite reservations, despite all the previous hopes and claims that faltered, the American side could not conceal a bit of cheer. The reason was not so much the program laid down by the N.L.F. but the indication that, at last, the Communists might be ready to begin bargaining over hard issues. The Saigon government also reacted in a mildly positive manner. It rejected the interim-coalition idea, as it had in the past, but expressed willingness to discuss such lesser issues, mentioned by the N.L.F., as prisoner exchange and ways to make the demilitarized zone between the two Viet Nams just that.

Rightful Owners. If the new proposals prove to be more than another mirage, Nixon's repeated claim that progress is being made will be justified. The Administration sorely needs to show some visible gain. The moratorium on criticism of the war in Congress and among the responsible antiwar groups is wearing poster-thin. During the past two weeks, delegations of students, mothers and business executives have renewed their complaints about the war in Washington. Last week, 1,300 Quakers picketed the White House. Two ranking Senate Republicans, Chief Whip Hugh Scott and George Aiken, the party's senior Foreign Relations Committee member, have declared themselves in favor of an immediate pull-out of U.S. forces. As Aiken put it, the U.S. must "turn that country and that war back to its rightful owners."

Last week other Democratic and Republican Senators joined in the attack. The unkindest cut came from a Republican, New York's Jacob Javits, who accused Nixon of continuing the "sterile and unsuccessful" policies of the Johnson Administration. "The old myths, the old self-delusions and the

old phraseology recur again and again," Javits charged. He suggested that personnel changes have not gone deep enough because Ambassadors Ellsworth Bunker and Henry Cabot Lodge, General Creighton Abrams and others associated with Johnson's Viet Nam policies remain in key posts.

Notch by Notch. Javits' criticism may be overly severe, as well as premature. Nixon's dilemma is that he must do his best to maintain a credible bargaining position in Paris while assuaging the doves at home. No one can predict whether or when a settlement will be achieved, but the President meanwhile has been edging toward a reduction of U.S. forces in Viet Nam. The first pull-back might take place this summer, even if there is no reciprocity on the other side. Whatever else it might accomplish, a reduction in the American troop level—perhaps including some combat units, for effect—would demonstrate to Hanoi that the South Vietnamese government is growing ever more capable of defending and unifying its territory.

The Administration has enumerated three preconditions for a cutback of forces, any one of which might suffice: progress in Paris, a reduction in the level of combat, and improvement in the capability of the South Vietnamese to defend themselves. The first and third of these are subjective matters: at any time the Administration could announce that these two requirements, at least, have been met. A reduction of U.S. forces in Viet Nam, like the hint of serious bargaining in Paris, does not necessarily mean an early, comprehensive settlement. But it could be a small step toward that goal. It may be that the war will slowly end, as it slowly grew, notch by agonizing notch.

Wiesner, who was President John Kennedy's science adviser, flatly denies that thesis. Utilizing the same basic data that went into Laird's projection, he sketched five scenarios of possible Russian attacks some time between 1975 and 1980. Depending on the situation, the U.S. would still retain a very powerful nuclear counterpunch by Wiesner's calculations: between 2,500 and 7,500 deliverable nuclear weapons. The launching of only a few hundred warheads would be necessary to devastate the Soviet Union.

The Kennedy-Wiesner-Chayes report brought an immediate reply from John Foster Jr., the Pentagon's Director of Defense Research and Engineering. Another response came in the form of a 60-page monograph published by a subcommittee of the conservative American Security Council. The A.S.C. subcommittee included not one but two Nobel laureates, Chemist Willard Libby and Physicist Eugene Wigner, an assortment of prominent academics, retired generals and admirals, and Edward Teller, one of the world's most eminent weapons physicists.

Crucial Issue. Foster accused the Kennedy report of inconsistencies, overstatements, understatements and contradictions (it did, in fact, misspell Wiesner's name twice), claiming that it presents "incompetent, dangerous and inadequate alternatives" to Safeguard. One of the points often made by Safeguard's opponents is that the system would require so quick a decision to be activated in time of national danger that the President might be excluded from the process. Bill Moyers raised the fear of a President's "surrendering his decision-making authority to the computers and the junior military officers who stand over them." Foster retorted that by offering some degree of protection



ANTI-ABM SIGN

to U.S. offensive missiles, Safeguard would give the President more leeway than he might otherwise enjoy before launching a counterstrike against the adversary's homeland. "I don't want to give Safeguard up for some trigger-happy system where you have to salvo all our Minuteman missiles," he said. On the crucial issue of whether the U.S. can preserve its assured destruction capability in the '70s, Foster said of the Wiesner-Chayes argument: "They may be right, but they can't prove it."

The American Security Council is not that generous. Its study concludes that the Russians are already surpassing the U.S. in every important nuclear category, offensive and defensive. The figures are far more alarming than any put out by the Pentagon; yet the council, too, works with the same basic data that have been generally available. By ascribing more importance than most strategists give to Soviet middle-range bombers, missiles and conventionally powered submarines, it concludes that the U.S.

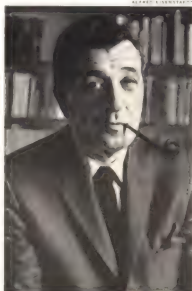
is already behind in the missile race by 2,750 to 1,710, and in bombers as well.

Militant House. The tremendous disparity between the two groups of experts that published their findings last week points up Congress's problem with the ABM controversy. There is no consensus among nuclear and strategic veers—and there probably will be none. In the Senate, where skepticism of most military undertakings is very much in vogue these days, the pre-vote count remains against Safeguard, 49 to 42, with nine Senators wobbling. The Administration therefore is in no rush for a Senate decision. Instead, it is hoping to win the undecideds over to its side. In the more militant House, members are at least 2 to 1 in favor of Safeguard, with the leadership of both parties in firm support of the program.

House Speaker John McCormack, however, does not want his chamber to vote before the Senate. He is assuming that the Senate will go against Safeguard and would rather have the House in the position of vetoing Senate action than the other way around. The possibility of complete deadlock persists, of course. If that occurs, the Administration could attempt to win a few Senate converts by acquiescing to a modification of Safeguard's prospectus. Any such change—on paper at least—would have the aim of making the program seem more experimental and less of a firm undertaking to build a 14-site network. This would be a difficult trick to turn: the next budgetary authorization involves construction of the first two sites. Still, the Administration needs to win only a handful of additional Senate votes. If that entails calling Safeguard a research and development project rather than a frankly operational commitment, the White House and the Pentagon would be unlikely to resist.



FOSTER



WIESNER



CHAYES

Matching antagonists of equal skill.

THE SUPREME COURT

The Fortas Affair

In a government under law, Chief Justice John Marshall observed in the early 19th century, a judge must be "perfectly and completely independent, with nothing to influence or control him but God and his conscience." To help protect him from temptation, the framers of the Constitution created a free and independent federal judiciary, with life tenure, a handsome salary and protection from capricious removal or congressional retaliation. The judge's part of the bargain is implicit but clear. He is expected to adhere to moral standards far more stringent than those of the ordinary citizen. As Washington Attorney Joseph Borkin has written, the judge is "the epitome of honor among men, the highest personage of the law." The American Bar Association stipulates that he must be innocent of "impropriety and the appearance of impropriety."

It thus came as a distinct shock to most Americans when LIFE reported that Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas, an appointee, longtime confidant and private legal retainer of Lyndon Johnson, had accepted a \$20,000 fee from the family foundation of Stock Speculator Louis Wolfson, who was then under investigation and is now in jail. Fortas—who admitted that LIFE's facts were essentially correct—had held the money for almost a year, returning it three months after Wolfson's indictment. Although Fortas had not broken any

law, he had clearly been guilty of a gross indiscretion.*

Hands Off. The disclosures hit close to the apex of federal authority at a time when all authority is under challenge. They immediately became the major topic of conversation in Washington, from the corridors of the Capitol to Georgetown cocktail parties. Fortas' friends and fellow Democrats found little to say in his defense. Republicans generally adopted the President's hands-off attitude. Richard Nixon, whose attacks on the Supreme Court's liberal cast figured prominently in his campaign, has been assiduously mending fences with the high court of late.

In their hearts, many Republicans may now feel more strongly than ever that Nixon was right in using his considerable influence as a presidential candidate last fall to block Fortas' nomination as Chief Justice. In public, the G.O.P. was more concerned with avoiding any semblance of vindictiveness against the court's only Jew (though the New York Post, a Jewish-oriented newspaper, called for Fortas' resigna-

* Fortas' outside source of income raised again the ugly issue of influence peddling in high Government circles (see TIME ESSAY). It is a common occurrence in Washington. Last week Representative Wright Patman accused Treasury Secretary David Kennedy of maintaining a secret interest in his old Chicago banking firm. In no case, however, has any link been established between these interests and attempts by outsiders to control officials' decisions.



CAROLYN & ABE FORTAS
In jeopardy and not

tion). In fact, Republicans had little reason to involve themselves in the furor. As one White House aide put it: "The feeling around here is that Fortas is going to have to resign, so why get into it?"

The Fortas contretemps may quite possibly be the most serious in the Supreme Court's 180 years. No Supreme Court Justice has ever resigned under pressure. Only one—Samuel Chase in 1804—has been impeached, but on such blatantly political grounds that he was

TIME ESSAY

INFLUENCE PEDDLING IN WASHINGTON

HARDLY any Administration is free of scandal. Harry Truman had T. Lamar Caudle and assorted "five-percenters." Dwight Eisenhower had Sherman Adams and his vicuna coat. Lyndon Johnson had Bobby Baker—and Abe Fortas. To a cynical public, the recurrent surfacing of speculators and huggermuggers suggests that almost everyone in Washington is on the take. The truth is more reassuring, though bad enough. The capital does tolerate unsavory practices that could and should be stopped.

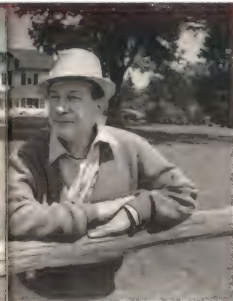
If it is any consolation, moral standards in Washington have rarely been higher than they are today. For most of the last century, many famous politicians were plainly crooks. During Andrew Jackson's fight against the Second Bank of the U.S., Daniel Webster, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun sold their votes and oratory to the bank. In the Civil War, great fortunes were hatched from corrupt federal contracts. Early in the 20th century, the National Association of Manufacturers bought Congressmen and influenced appointments to key committees. Nothing since has matched the gall of Harding's Interior Secretary Albert B. Fall, who pocketed \$268,000 in the Teapot Dome caper.

Influence is the Washington grain. In a sense, influence peddling is what democracy is all about. The voter who complains to his Congressman about air pollution is peddling his influence, though far less openly than an industry promoting a tax break. The conflict between group interests, which defines U.S. politics, has also produced an army of expert lobbyists, many of whom actually improve lawmaking by carefully analyzing bills that help or hurt their clients.

On some issues, lobbyists cancel one another out, and the merits decide the case. Unfortunately, the game lacks adequate rules.

The U.S. Code requires the registration of all lobbyists who plead before Congress, but the law is so full of loopholes that probably more do not register than do. Until this year, one of the most effective lobbyists, the National Rifle Association, did not consider it necessary to admit that it was any such thing. Powerful individual lobbyists like Lawyers Clark Clifford, Thomas G. Corcoran and Abe Fortas in his pre-court days earn their high fees by dealing directly with important friends. A phone call is often all that is needed. During the Truman era, James V. Hunt was able to do wonders for aspiring Government contractors by calling his friend General Harry Vaughan, Truman's military aide. Though no evidence of a direct payoff was uncovered, Vaughan did receive a freezer from one of Hunt's clients, and the Democratic Party was the recipient of numerous gifts. A few years later, Boston Industrialist Bernard Goldfine gave a vicuna coat to Sherman Adams, Eisenhower's chief White House aide, who intervened for Goldfine with two regulatory agencies. Again, there was no evidence of a payoff, but Adams was forced to resign. Lobbyist Julius Klein had such a grip on Senator Thomas Dodd that he was able to write him bullying instructions. It is probably neither possible nor desirable to curb the lobbyists, but how can public servants be protected from temptation?

Federal judges are rightly expected to meet the most stringent standards. Not only do almost all have lifetime appointments, but they also have unique powers over both the



AT WESTPORT HOME
for the first time.

acquitted. Three years ago, it was disclosed that Justice William O. Douglas was receiving \$12,000 a year in fees from a foundation linked to Las Vegas gambling interests. However, no one connected with the foundation was in immediate need of highly placed connections, as Wolfson and his associates were.

Lawyers and judges believe that the court's prestige has been damaged by the Fortas affair, particularly as it affects a sizable segment of the elec-

torate that is already disgruntled by liberal court decisions in the fields of desegregation, reapportionment, school prayers, the rights of the accused and obscenity.

"All these things have an adverse effect on the prestige of the court," says Chicago Attorney Albert Jenner, who heads the A.B.A.'s standing committee on the federal judiciary. "The personal lives of the Justices reflect on the court itself." Los Angeles Lawyer Edmund G. Brown Jr., son of California's ex-Governor, maintains: "The court has neither the purse nor the sword, and depends in the final analysis on public confidence." Monroe E. Price, law professor at U.C.L.A., says: "It does affect the prestige of the court, particularly with those people who are worrying about 'law and order.' It gives them just another little hammer to pound away with."

Some observers are concerned that the Fortas case may be used as a pretext for further attacks on the court by its enemies. It could also affect the court's liberal-conservative composition if the disclosures increase pressure on President Nixon to appoint conservatives to fill as many as five vacancies expected to open up in the next few years—including the seats of the Chief Justice and possibly Fortas.

Below the Surface. The LIFE disclosures brought to light other tangential investigations concerning Fortas. The Justice Department began a grand-jury investigation in Cleveland of Fortas' old

law firm, Arnold & Porter, in connection with the conviction of an official of one of the firm's client companies for conspiracy to obstruct justice. The offense took place after Fortas left the firm, and the department said that there was no connection with Fortas. The Attorney General's office also began looking into Fortas' outside interests, as did Chief Justice Earl Warren and the House Judiciary Committee. Senator Robert Griffin, spearhead of the successful opposition to deny Fortas' appointment as Chief Justice, hinted LIFE's story was only the tip of the iceberg. At week's end, Griffin, who stands to reap considerable gain from Fortas' discomfiture, claimed that his office had received a telephoned threat on his life.

It was difficult for most people to fathom why Fortas, an astute attorney and author of a recent book that begins "I am a man of the law," would so jeopardize his position. Yet it was not the first time. Last year the scales against his confirmation as Chief Justice were tipped when Senator Griffin disclosed that Fortas' former law partner had raised \$15,000 in speaker's fees for Fortas, and that some of the donors had cases before the high court. Fortas' many connections in high places have gained him a reputation for wheeling and dealing in areas not uncommon for a corporate lawyer but of questionable propriety for a Supreme Court Justice. One fellow lawyer described Fortas as simply "avaricious." It is no secret that

legislative and executive branches. On most matters, they have the final word. Almost none of the 98 justices who have sat on the Supreme Court have ever done anything even questionable, and the nation's highest tribunal has been uniquely free of outside influence.

The same cannot be said of the other two branches. For one thing, many political appointees go in and out of Government and acquire close friends on both sides of the fence. Some are skilled lawyers who see nothing unusual in asking large fees (reportedly up to \$1,000,000 by Clark Clifford) during their out periods for discreetly pleading a client's case behind the bureaucratic façade.

It is hard to find an ex-aide of Lyndon Johnson's who has not gone to a firm that solicits work from the Government, and there is a long list of men who have served on regulatory agencies and later represented clients before those very same agencies. Last year the Civil Aeronautics Board completely reversed the recommendations of its own examiners in handing out lucrative trans-Pacific routes, largely favoring airlines whose officers or lobbyists had connections with the Democratic Party. Richard Nixon has since vetoed the deal; whether Republican-oriented airlines win the next round remains to be seen.

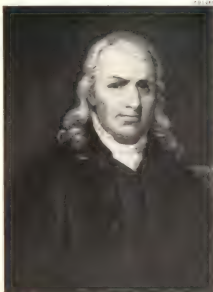
The 100 top defense contractors have found it prudent to hire 2,072 retired military officers, three times the number of ten years ago. General Dynamics, No. 1 in dollar contracts, employs 113; Lockheed, No. 2, no fewer than 210. The relationship is not necessarily sinister. Ex-generals have as much right to sell their expertise as anyone else. Long before he retires, though, a procurement officer may have difficulty being tough on a company that is looking him over as a possible employee. One solution would be for Congress to bar military men from working for defense contractors for at least two years after retirement.

Unhappily, Congress itself violates the most elementary

rules of conduct. In the early 1960s, for example, Missouri Senator Edward Long accepted \$160,000 from a lawyer who had spent most of his life representing gangsters and gamblers. Finally persuaded to look into the matter, the Senate ethics committee found nothing wrong.

While pouncing on the slightest skulduggery in the executive branch, Congress sees nothing wrong with its members accepting campaign cash from special interests, owning stock in companies that depend on Government contracts or receiving profits from law firms whose clients need a friend in power. Last week, acting under a code drawn up in 1968, members of the House partially disclosed some of their outside interests. Limited as it was, the information was startling. About two-thirds of the 435 members of the House have substantial financial interests other than their salaries. No fewer than 92 are officers, directors or stockholders in banks or other financial institutions, while 87 have ties with law firms; 61 are stockholders in companies with major defense contracts. Ten Congressmen with direct connections to financial institutions sit on the House Banking and Currency Committee, six on the Ways and Means Committee; both committees pass on legislation that profoundly affects banking institutions across the country. If that is not a conflict of interest, what is?

If nothing else, the obvious abuses ought to be ended. No member of the House Banking and Currency Committee should be the director of a bank; it is questionable whether he should even vote on banking legislation. All high-ranking public servants should disclose their assets and their outside incomes. None of this would ensure honesty. None of it would guarantee that a Supreme Court justice would not have questionable dealings. It would, however, be a start and a sign that the people will no longer accept conduct that embarrasses the Republic.



SAMUEL CHASE

The bargain is implicit but clear.

Fortas' cigar-smoking wife Carolyn was furious when L.B.J. named Fortas to the bench: he exchanged a law practice worth about \$150,000 a year for a Supreme Court post that then paid only \$39,500. (Mrs. Fortas, as a member of her husband's old firm, earns a reputed \$100,000 a year.)

Next Move. The next move is up to Fortas. No one in Washington is satisfied with his cursory reply to the LIFE article, in which he omitted even any mention of the amount of the fee he had received from the Wolfson Foundation. The reply, said one Washington lawyer, "raised more questions than it answered." Although Fortas stonily refused further comment, he will have to explain his actions more fully if he expects to avoid an investigation. Any move to impeach him would come from the House Judiciary Committee. Its chairman, Representative Emanuel Celler, said that he would give Fortas ample time to clear himself. "Until the dust settles, I'm waiting," Celler said. "There's an old Russian saying that you don't roll up your pants until you get to the river. There should be a very comprehensive statement by Fortas. He owes it to the court and the country." If the House should vote to impeach, the trial would be conducted in the Senate, where a two-thirds vote of those present is needed to convict.

As things stand now, the odds are that Fortas will resign. Still, he may be tempted to fight to protect his name in history. He knows that impeachment convictions are not easily won: only four of the 13 high Government officials impeached in U.S. history have been convicted. Nonetheless, Fortas may decide that the better part of valor is to admit an indiscretion, assert his innocence and quietly fade away.

PUEBLO: THE DOUBTS PERSIST

THE return of *Pueblo's* crew five months ago backed the Pentagon into a cruel corner. Navy regulations and service sentiment seemed heavily in favor of punishing Commander Lloyd M. Bucher, and perhaps others, for allowing the vessel and her secret documents to fall into hostile hands without a serious attempt at resistance or destruction. To most of the public, though, *Pueblo's* skipper and crew were heroes who had suffered and survived eleven months of North Korean brutality. They were not for hanging. Last week Navy Secretary John Chafee steered between the reefs of opinion and proceeded to bring the agonizing affair to an official close.

Chafee rejected recommendations by the naval court of inquiry that Bucher and Lieut. Stephen R. Harris, the officer in charge of *Pueblo's* supersecret "research" spaces, be tried by court-martial. Secretary Chafee also refused to authorize the issuance of letters of admonition and reprimand for other officers. "They have suffered enough and further punishment would not be justified," he said.

No Scapegoats. In fact, Chafee's decision represented a deft solution to the Pentagon's thorny predicament. Chafee stated that he was making "no judgment regarding the guilt or innocence" of any of those connected with the spy ship's capture. He added that since the mission was based on the premise that North Korea would not violate the principle of freedom of the high seas, and since the assumption was made at all levels of command, that all had to share the consequences. In fact, the board of inquiry had proposed that the two officers senior to Bucher also be reprimanded.

Thus Chafee neither excused Bucher or Harris nor excluded the upper Navy echelons from their responsibility for the disaster. Arguing that prosecution and punishment would serve no useful purpose for the Navy, Chafee elected to ignore all the recommendations. To a nation more leary than ever before of its military leaders, Chafee's decision must have seemed as satisfactory a settlement of the *Pueblo* quandary as was possible. Scapegoats had been avoided, but so had exoneration.

For its part, the Navy high command had already recognized the fact that there could be no single whipping boy. Admiral John Hyland, Pacific Fleet commander, had himself disagreed with the court of inquiry's stand, and Admiral Thomas Moorer, Chief of Naval Operations, sided with Hyland (though the final decision rested with Chafee). In effect, the Navy's top command was accepting the fact that the blame for *Pueblo* had to be shared. The Navy still had to cope with the problem of maintaining its long tradition of tena-

city in battle. Said one senior officer: "We won't have any trouble provided that everyone gets the message. If they do, they will know they are still expected not to give up the ship."

What remains to be seen is whether Bucher and Harris, both career officers, will have any future in the service. Officials insist that they can think of no reason why they should not. Yet few old hands in Washington or the Navy think the two have very good long-term prospects. For the time being, Bucher and Harris received relatively unglamorous assignments—but it was said that they had requested them. Bucher will attend a management course in Monterey, Calif., leading to a master's degree; Harris will assume duties at Naval Security headquarters in Washington. The Navy hopes that in their new billets, Bucher and Harris will drop from sight.

Unanswered Questions. Perhaps the two men will, but the questions raised by the *Pueblo* incident will remain. One of the most difficult is what should be done about the Military Code of Conduct. In the wake of the forced confessions of the *Pueblo* crew, many now think that the code is worthless when applied under cold war conditions. However, S.I.A. Marshall, the military historian and retired general who was one of the chief architects of the code, says that a false conclusion is being drawn. Writing in a recent *New Leader*, he argues that the code actually requires prisoners of war to give name, rank, serial number and date of birth. The next sentence in the same article of the code reads: "I will evade



BUCHER AT PRESS CONFERENCE

Enough is enough.

answering further questions to the utmost of my ability."

Marshall contends that the only limitation placed on the prisoner is that he evade giving valuable information to his captors. Many military men probably would argue that it is risky trying to fence with the enemy; that it is better to remain silent. In any event, while the *Pueblo* investigation could have brought this entire question of the code into public discussion, it never did. The question remains unanswered, and the problems remain unsolved concerning espionage missions in general and the difficulties of mounting chancy military operations in which wartime conditions may suddenly arise while the country is technically at peace. The *Pueblo* case may be closed, but the doubts persist.

The Gamble Goes On

As the books were officially closed on the *Pueblo* incident last week, other U.S. spy ships and planes continued to gather intelligence around the world. Still, like *Pueblo* and the EC-121 surveillance aircraft that was shot down last month off North Korea, they remain highly vulnerable.

The Navy has eight or nine operating AGERS (meaning Auxiliary General Electronics Research ships) similar to *Pueblo*, but it is unlikely that any are now cruising the hostile waters off North Korea. While these vessels are considered inferior to the EC-121s for electronic surveillance—the planes can pick up high-angle radar beams more easily than the ships—the AGERS are more versatile. They monitor radio broadcasts, collect water samples needed to develop sonar penetration methods, track Soviet submarines, and observe and photograph surface shipping.

Overhead, the big, slow EC-121s still fly the Sea of Japan, listening in on Communist electronic transmissions. Though the four-engine prop planes are now protected by U.S. jets based in South Korea, the North Koreans could shoot down another EC-121 any time they wished. The spy flights come within 41 minutes' flying time of North Korean air bases, which could scramble more than enough MIGs to down the F-4 and F-106 jets that are used to escort the spy planes. Protecting the AGERS seems equally futile. Despite contingency plans designed to rescue the spy ships once they are in trouble, the vessels still operate mostly on their own.

Obviously, as long as the U.S. has its troops stationed in South Korea, the Pentagon regards the intelligence gathered by the EC-121s as worth the considerable risk. The same is true of the information collected by AGERS in other parts of the world. The provocations against them have been going on for a long time. General Earle Wheeler, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, recently disclosed that since 1949 U.S. reconnaissance ships and planes have been the targets of 41 attacks by the North Koreans.

HUNGER

Where It's At

After asking to be told "where it's at," New York's Jacob Javits, acting chairman of the Senate Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, was driven to a barnlike building in east Los Angeles known as the All-Nations Neighborhood Center. There, in a fifth-encrusted gymnasium, Javits and Kansas Senator Robert Dole were shocked to find that the area's Mexican-Americans and Negroes were not only hungry and unhappy but also bitterly critical of the committee.

"All you do is investigate," cried Molly Piontkowski, a diminutive Polish woman, one of 13 angry witnesses who appeared before the committee. "You don't do a damn thing." Asked by Javits if she knew of "people actually suf-

fering from hunger," she replied: "Are you kiddin'? Are you kiddin'? You can walk down the street in east Los Angeles and seven families out of ten on a block are barely existing." Said Catherine Jernamy, a huge black woman who heads an organization known as the Los Angeles County Welfare Rights Organization: "I'm tired of this jive! This whole welfare thing is an administrative cop-out."



JAVITS WATCHING FINALE OF GUERRILLA THEATER TROUPE'S SKIT
Don't just investigate—do something!

Lydia Rodriguez scolded the Senators: "Coming here, asking for statistics, it's a farce. You know the answers. If you dare come here again, ask the mothers on Fourth Street."

How about food stamps? the women were asked. "More trouble than they're worth," answered Molly. On the days they are issued, stores jack up prices. Besides, not enough are passed out each month. "By the eleventh and 25th of each month," said Alicia Escalante, an attractive Mexican-American with five

Elegantly Tailored, Javits' customary

imperturbability did not survive the ordeal. Explaining lamely that he was the son of a poor immigrant in New York's East Side, the portly, elegantly tailored Senator blurted: "I had to eat starch when I was growing up." They booed him. Javits asked if there was a black market in stamps. The audience roared with laughter. Catherine Jernamy snapped: "They ain't worth nobody spending time to hustle 'em."

In the middle of the hearings, twelve members of a local guerrilla theater troupe staged a searing attack on welfare. Ignoring cries of "You can't do this!" from Javits, they portrayed a poor

family set upon by welfare officials and harassed by a social worker who carried a whip and shouted, "Where are those dirty little Mexicans?" In the bitter finale, performed directly in front of Javits, the social worker stuck out her sweater-stuffed rear end and members of the aid-seeking family lined up and kissed it.

Hungry Cynics. If nothing else, the California hearings demonstrated that decades of deprivation have spawned a nation of hungry cynics. Last week President Nixon took note of the paradox of having 11.5 million people verging on starvation in what is glibly known as an affluent society. It was a marked turn-about for the President, who only days before was reportedly anxious to postpone any organized assault on hunger for at least a year. "That hunger and malnutrition should persist in a land such as ours is embarrassing and intolerable," said Nixon. "The moment is

at hand to put an end to hunger in America itself for all time."

To achieve that vision, Nixon outlined a program that, when fully operational in 1971, would cost \$2.5 billion annually—up from \$1.5 billion already provided for in the 1970 budget. Next year the Administration plans to spend \$270 million to get it started.

Cash Income. Initially at least, the money will be spent to provide a family of four with a minimum of \$100 a month worth of stamps redeemable for food. If the family has an income of under \$30 a month, it would get the stamps free. For those slightly better off, food stamps would be provided at a cost no greater than 30% of their incomes. The chances are that the Administration will eventually switch from giving food stamps to disbursing cash.

The Nixon food-stamp program came close to being shelved—at least for this year. In March, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Robert Finch, together with Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin and Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans, submitted the food-stamp proposal to the President. Fine, said Nixon, but where will we get the money? Though the President planned an attack on hunger in 1971, there was no room in his tight budget for the millions of dollars needed to start the program in 1970. As months passed, the hunger question became a prickly issue in the White House. Some advisers sided with Presidential Counselor Arthur Burns, who opposed any attack on hunger this year. Others agreed with Daniel Patrick Moynihan, Assistant to the President on Urban Affairs, who sees the program as a first step in redesigning the entire welfare system.

Compelling Issue. In the end, the President was spurred into action by rising public sentiment for legislation. A recent Gallup poll shows that 68% of the people favor giving free food stamps to the poor. Despite its unhappy confrontation in Los Angeles, the greatest influence on the President was the Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, whose fulltime chairman is South Dakota Democrat George McGovern. The committee's findings had made hunger so compelling a political issue that Nixon ultimately felt it necessary to ignore the economists and submit his eleventh-hour program.

For his part, McGovern thinks that even "a billion dollars a year for hunger will be less than a third of what is needed," and he promises to press for an increase. Where Nixon will get the \$270 million to start the program in 1970 is still unknown. One obvious, if possibly simplistic, solution would be to make a radical revision—or excision—of agricultural subsidies. The Government now pays farmers more than \$1.8 billion a year not to grow crops. That sum would go far toward easing the chronic hunger pangs of millions of Americans.

LABOR

The Wrath of Grapes

In *The Grapes of Wrath*, John Steinbeck awakened the American conscience to the hapless life of the migrant farm worker. That was exactly 30 years ago. The stoop laborer in the fields today is still a forgotten man among U.S. workers, often little better off than he was at the time of the Joads' tribulations in Depression-era California. In 1969, the field worker is more likely to be a *Chicano*—a Mexican-American—than an Okie. And the grapes of Steinbeck's title are at the focal point of one of the decade's longest and most wrathful U.S. labor disputes.

After four years of Union Leader Cesar Chavez's celebrated *huelga* (strike) by California grape pickers, the growers are anxious for federal regulation of union activity in agriculture. Farm workers have always been excluded from coverage by federal labor-relations law. One reason is that farmers are terrified of strikes at harvest time, which would be ruinous. Another rationale for exclusion has been that agricultural employment is so seasonal and transient that farm workers were not even covered by minimum wage legislation until 1966.

Unique Setting. In hopes of meeting both sides halfway, the Nixon Administration last week came up with the first presidential proposal advanced for bringing farm workers under a national labor relations law. One much-discussed

approach would simply put agriculture under the jurisdiction of the National Labor Relations Board, which has covered industrial workers since 1935. Because farm labor presents special problems, however, the Administration asked for a separate, presidentially appointed Farm Labor Relations Board. "There are unique characteristics about the agricultural setting," said Labor Secretary George Shultz. "There is no great pattern. You'd have a lot to learn. The board could feel their way and develop something that fits. Let it develop its own rules and regulations."

Continued Boycott. What the growers want is a ban on the kind of secondary boycott that Chavez has used against California grapes. They also want laws barring organizational picketing and harvest-time strikes. Not until 1947, twelve years after the NLRB was established, did the Taft-Hartley Act outlaw secondary boycotts and organizational picketing for industrial plants and products. The Shultz plan would extend those prohibitions to agriculture. While the Administration plan would not flatly forbid strikes at harvest time, it would allow a 30-day cooling-off period that an employer could invoke whenever he needed workers in the fields. The law, while excluding small farms, would cover about 45% of U.S. farm employees—perhaps 400,000 in all.

Louis Lucas, a major grower of table grapes in Chavez's California home in Delano, said of Shultz's plan: "I think he is on the right track." But the United Automobile Workers' Walter Reuther found "no moral or economic justification" for separating farm workers from NLRB coverage. Reuther, a longtime supporter of Chavez, complained: "The Farm Labor Relations Board proposed by the Secretary would operate under law so filled with exclusions and fishhooks as to render it meaningless. We call on the President to reconsider his position." In dozens of cities around the U.S. last weekend, Chavez's United Farm Workers Organizing Committee managed to drum up healthy turnouts for rallies in observance of International Boycott Day. Chavez supporters plan to continue their boycott of stores and supermarkets handling California grapes. Both growers and strikers have now dug into inflexible positions, and there is small chance that either the Government or the parties concerned will soon resolve so old and hurtful a dispute.



PICKETING FOR BOYCOTT IN TIMES SQUARE
Dig into inflexible positions.



MAYOR NORMAN FUCHS
Biff, bang, boomlet.

NORTH DAKOTA

Zapping Zap

The prelude promised nothing more serious than the latest variation on such nostalgic student pranks as pantie raids and phone-booth packing. A breezy little article in the North Dakota State University newspaper encouraged students to "zip" to the mining town of Zap, N.D. (pop. 300) for a Mother's Day "Zap-Out." Sure enough, late last week columns of collegians began rolling down Zap's unpaved main thoroughfare, their cars emblazoned with signs reading ZAP OR BUST. Mayor Norman Fuchs, sporting a ZAP N.D. OR BUST! sweat shirt, and some of the townsfolk turned out to offer a friendly greeting. All seemed to believe the college newspaper's plan of turning Zap—with its two bars and one café—into "the Fort Lauderdale of the North."

By late Friday the college crowd had swelled to 2,500, a good 90% of them male. Emanuel Sandau, the elderly owner of Lucky's Bar, stocked thousands of extra cans of beer in the back room and immediately began to do a brisk business. Soon there were too many tipping collegians. They spilled out of the jammed bar and into the windy 40° cold of the North Dakota night. Bored and beery, they began looking for excitement—and warmth. Gradually, what began as a springtime put-on turned into a night of terror.

Youngsters dismantled an abandoned frame building and made a bonfire of its doors, siding and window frames. Booths and tables were ripped from the taverns. Windows were smashed, and merchandise was scattered wildly. Tippy students wandered into the community hall, maliciously shredding wallboard and vandalizing a soft-drink ma-

chine. A car that careened into the bonfire area was attacked and wrecked by 500 students. Ugly fist fights were started. Nearby Hazen's hospital offered first-aid service throughout the night for fallen pugilists.

Mayor Fuchs, who only hours before had boosterish dreams of a boomlet for Zap, now walked along Main Street in a daze, saying: "Animals! Animals!" He tried to bring the fire under control, but when the volunteer fire department arrived a score of youths jumped on the truck and began taking it apart. Finally, the thoroughly frustrated Fuchs called for help. Governor William Guy responded with 500 National Guardsmen, who came dressed for combat and armed with rifles and 5-ft. clubs. Within an hour the students were gone, leaving behind a shattered community. Not one of the town's stores could open for business that day. Jan Beck, whose modest café rang up impressive sales of \$150 Friday night, estimated his damage at \$2,000 on Saturday morning. The zapped Zappians could at least console themselves that next year's rites of spring may be visited on another community. How about Donnybrook, N.D.?

HISTORICAL NOTES

When the Country Was United

A hundred years ago last week, about 500 Irish and Chinese laborers, politicians, railroad men and prostitutes gathered on a lonely plateau at Promontory, Utah, to witness a momentous event: the joining of East to West by the first transcontinental railroad. Central Pacific President Leland Stanford

picked up a silver sledgehammer, swung as the final spike and missed. Union Pacific Vice President Thomas Durant took his turn—and also missed. Finally, a Union Pacific laborer stepped up and drove it home. A waiting telegrapher tapped out the message: "The Pacific railroad is completed."

Salute Fired. Champagne and whisky flowed at Promontory, and the nation joined in the celebration. Fire bells pealed in San Francisco, a 100-gun salute was fired in New York, and in Philadelphia the Liberty Bell rang loudly. Today the great age of steel and steam is long past. The Promontory line, which followed the edge of the Great Salt Lake, was replaced in 1903 by a causeway that cut directly across it. The historic trackage was hauled off and melted down to help meet World War II metal shortages. Even the causeway line is now used by only one passenger train, the City of San Francisco, and the railroad wants to suspend service between Ogden, Utah, and Oakland, Calif.

Undeterred, an estimated 15,000 history buffs and railroad fans showed up in Promontory last weekend for a centennial re-enactment of the last-spike ceremony: 81 of them paid \$995 apiece for a round-trip ride from New York to Utah on a special train hauled by steam locomotive as far as Kansas City, where a mammoth Union Pacific diesel took over for the long pull across the Rocky Mountains. U.P. President Ed Bailey arrived in a private car hitched to a passenger train, but some of his vice presidents chose a faster way. They arrived from Omaha for the ceremonies aboard one of the railroad's two Sabreliner executive jets.



DRIVING THE FINAL SPIKE AT PROMONTORY, UTAH
A dream of steam and steel.

THE CITY: A DIFFERENT KIND OF TRIP

NOT every bad trip in San Francisco takes place in the Haight-Ashbury district. Many straight commuters endure hazardous journeys daily as they try to maneuver through stationary streams of traffic heading for Oakland, Berkeley, Sausalito or suburbs beyond. Unique in many other respects, the San Francisco Bay Area suffers from the prevalent urban malady of too many automobiles, too few highway lanes. But unlike many other metropolitan areas, San Francisco and two neighboring counties are creating an attractive alternative to clogged highways.

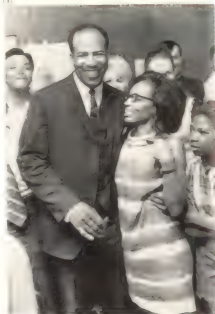
The Bay Area Rapid Transit district (BART), a 75-mile network of elevated, surface and subway tracks, now under construction, is due to be completed by late 1972. It is a system of grandiose superlatives. First conceived in 1957, BART is primarily funded by a \$792 million bond issue passed in 1962 by San Francisco, Alameda and Contra Costa counties. When inflated costs and design improvements necessitated an additional \$150 million this year, the California legislature imposed a special half-cent hike in the three counties' state sales tax. This makes BART the largest locally financed public works project in U.S. history. It will also be the world's first fully automated rapid transit system and have the longest (800 ft.) subway station.

Soothing Rides. Of more interest to its future passengers, BART is designed to be fast, comfortable, convenient and cheap to use. The 7½-mile trip between San Francisco and Oakland across the Bay Bridge can take 30 minutes or considerably longer in rush-hour jams. Hurting its riders beneath San Francisco Bay through the world's longest un-

derwater transit tube—3.6 miles—BART will make the trip in nine minutes. The BART trains will hit a top speed of 80 m.p.h. and will average 50 m.p.h., including the time taken at stops. The rides will be soothing. The new cars will have seats comparable to those in a first-class airliner compartment, cushioned and equipped with arm rests. The floors will be covered with rich brown carpets, and much of the noise will be absorbed by rubber padding.

Tracks Out. BART will serve the 2,500,000 people who live in the three-county area, extending its tracks out from San Francisco roughly 20 miles north to Richmond, 30 miles east to Concord and 40 miles south to Fremont. Moreover, BART is only the beginning. More than a million additional people are expected to surge into the entire bay area by 1980, and transportation experts envision a total BART system of 385 miles, linking the nine counties in the San Francisco area.

As massive as BART's plan is now, and as large as it may become in the future, it will never be a complete panacea for the traffic problems facing San Francisco. Even the system's strongest adherents admit that the freeways will probably always be jammed. Still, BART is an important alternative. Without it, the next 20 years could bring total chaos on the roads leading into San Francisco—a fate that could also befall other less-prepared cities. However, help may be available for many communities in the next few years. Transportation Secretary John Volpe said last week that the Nixon Administration would ask Congress to allocate several billion dollars during the next decade for urban mass-transit facilities.



LEE & WIFE LILLIAN
Reputation confirmed.

Breakthrough in Chapel Hill

North Carolina is the South's most liberal state, and Chapel Hill has long had an envied reputation as one of its most liberal towns. Home of the University of North Carolina, it was once called by Editor-Publisher Mark Ethridge "the capital of the Southern mind." Last week Chapel Hill chose Howard Nathaniel Lee, 34, a Negro, to be its next mayor—by 2,567 votes out of a record 4,734 cast. Lee is the eleventh black mayor in the South, but the first to be elected in a predominantly white Southern community. Said former Vice President Hubert Humphrey in a congratulatory telegram: "This is a new breakthrough in Southern politics."

Lee is the son of a Georgia sharecropper, a child of the Depression who was twice a high school dropout. He eventually went to Georgia's Fort Valley State College, worked as a probation officer in Savannah, and then moved to Chapel Hill in 1964 as a graduate student in social work. Lee's strenuous campaign centered on the contention that Chapel Hill, whose voting population is less than 10% Negro, was failing to meet the needs of its people in public transportation, recreation, city planning and housing.

Lee's opponent was Roland Giduz, a 43-year-old white who has served twelve years on the town board of aldermen. Giduz is a liberal on race issues and supports the town's open housing ordinance. He manages the University of North Carolina alumni magazine; Lee is head of employee relations at Duke University in nearby Durham. Lee is not unaware of his special position. "I'll be walking a tightrope," he says. "I could be slaughtered from both sides: by the white racists or the black militants."



ARTIST'S SKETCH OF TRANS-BAY TUBE
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THE WORLD

THE CAIRO SKYLINE (WITH SOVIET JET BOMBERS OVERHEAD)

THE PAINFUL PRESIDENCY OF EGYPT'S NASSER

THE threat of summer heat already lies heavy over Cairo and the rest of Gamal Abdel Nasser's Egypt. The city police have changed their blue flannel uniforms to summer whites. Jacaranda trees are blooming richly purple in suburban Heliopolis, remnants of the district's lost elegance. While the triple peaks of the pyramids of Giza shimmer on the horizon, stately feluccas sail down the Nile as silently as they have done for centuries. Overhead, hawks wheel lazily in gyres. The pace of the people in their flowing gallabias robes, never very fast, has grown a step or two slower.

Though much of Cairo's ancient rhythm is unchanged and unchanging, the city is in fact a capital at war, a war that rages daily along the Suez Canal, only 70 miles away. The war shows—in the shabby, weary, olive-drab ambience of the city, in the preparations it has made against attack. Hundreds of brick blast walls stand on sidewalks in front of doorways. The entrances to a few public buildings are heavily sandbagged. Windows and car headlights are painted blue—the ancient color for warding off the evil eye—to conform to blackout regulations. In erratic fashion, street lights are out in various places. Soldiers slouch in the shade of girders on each of the Nile bridges, and guard the Cairo airport, the railroad terminal and key road junctions on the sprawling city's edges. Sonic booms occasionally rattle the windows of Cairo as MIG fighters scramble daily on simulated interception missions. Through the clear air, as gun crews perfect their skills in the nearby desert, come the

crump of artillery and the rhythmic tattoo of anti-aircraft fire.

Cairo and the rest of the Arab world are only three weeks away from a day that they would prefer to forget, June 5, the second anniversary of their crushing defeat by the Israelis in the Six-Day War. The war left Cairo shorn of part of its realm, ruling over a defeated people and a divided land. Lost in the war, the Sinai desert and Gaza remain in the hands of the conquering Israelis, who are solidly entrenched on the east bank of the Suez Canal.

Key to the Arab World

The occupation has burned deep into the Arab spirit and bred hatred, apprehension and frustration. The presence of the Israelis along the Canal is a constant reminder of the superiority of the Arabs' foe and—what is far harder for the Arabs to bear—of their own continuing inferiority and impotency despite their greater numbers of people, planes, tanks, guns and resources. All of this has fed a growing, fatalistic conviction within Egypt that the rapidly hardening status quo in the Middle East can be broken only by another war—even though most Egyptians do not want one, even though another war would almost certainly mean another defeat.

The man who must try somehow to find a way to bind up this hemorrhaging of Arab pride and self-respect by recovering Egypt's lost territory is Gamal Abdel Nasser. It may be true, as he now insists, that he was pushed by Syria into the showdown with Israel in 1967. But it was he, in his longtime self-appointed role as the leader of all Arabs,

who led Egypt, Jordan and Iraq into the war, and his country was the heaviest loser in men, arms, land and prestige. Today Nasser is the one to whom most Arabs look to get back the land occupied by Israel. Among all the Arab rulers, he is the only one who could make peace and survive politically—if he were given tolerable terms.

Though Nasser is no longer regarded by the Arab masses as a new Saladin, he remains their best-known and most respected leader, the man to whom all other leaders listen—in other words, the key to the Arab world today; and thus to peace. He remains for many the embodiment of the ancient Arab dream of *Al Umma al Arabia*, or unity of all the Arab nations, the hero who threw off foreign domination. He is, above all, the man with whom Israel and the West must deal in seeking a settlement in the Middle East.

The Search for a Solution

The search for that settlement is now taking place far from the desert firing lines. In New York, the U.N. ambassadors of the U.S., Russia, Britain and France are in their sixth week of diplomatic talks on the Middle East. At the same time, the U.S. and Russia are together exploring the shape of a possible settlement at high-level talks in Washington. As Israel's protector-state and, in effect, proxy in the talks, the U.S. is seeking for Israel the ironclad guarantees for peace that the young nation demands in return for handing back the captured territories. The Soviets ideally would like to recoup diplomatically all that the Arabs lost mil-

itarly. Though each side is under heavy pressure from its client states not to yield an inch, each is also aware that both the Israelis and Arabs will have to make concessions. The great concern is that, in the 20 months that Israel and the U.S. have waited for the Arabs to sue for peace, the chance for a diplomatic settlement has receded as the antagonists have accumulated new hatreds and new scores to settle.

In any other part of the world the military blows that are struck daily by each side would have long since led to the march of armies and declarations of war. For 33 of the past 36 days and every day last week, heavy artillery duelled across the Suez Canal. Israelis last week directed their fire for the first time at now-evacuated Port Said. The Egyptians

concrete revetment. Egypt is estimated to have 400 combat aircraft (compared with Israel's 350) and 800 tanks (against Israel's 1,100). For the past 16 months, Soviet advisers have been training the Egyptians to use the new equipment, going about the task so methodically that they have even supplied English-language instruction manuals on how to use Russian arms.

For all of Egypt's numerical might, the Suez Canal "might as well be the Atlantic Ocean," as a realistic Egyptian officer put it last week. Military experts judge that Nasser could put no more than a company across the canal—and it would be slaughtered. The reason is that the Russians, anxious to avert a fourth round of the war, have carefully not supplied Nasser with the wither-

commandos on raids across the canal.

As a result of such escalation, Cairo talks increasingly of the inevitability of full-scale war sometime in the indeterminate future. Next time, they say, a surprise Israeli blitz will not succeed, because Israel is already at the limits of its natural military frontiers. If the Israelis cross the Suez, the Egyptians plan to take advantage of Israel's overextended supply lines by forcing a prolonged campaign inside Egypt—in Nasser's words, an "inch-by-inch war." It is historically such a Russian concept of defense by attrition that he just possibly did not think of it himself. Says Nasser's confidant, *Al-Ahram* Editor Mohammed Hasanain Heikal: "If the Israelis want to take Cairo, Damascus or Amman—and I pray to God they will



NASSER AT THE SUEZ FRONT

No longer a new Saladin, yet still the embodiment of the ancient dream.



EGYPTIAN TROOPS ON MANEUVER

in turn killed seven Israeli soldiers and two civilian bulldozer drivers. On Israel's eastern front, the guns of Suez are faithfully echoed in daily artillery, tank, mortar, machine-gun and rifle fire across the Jordan River.

From the air, Israeli jets repeatedly pound with rockets, bombs and napalm Arab towns and encampments in Jordan suspected of harboring the fedayeen, the Arab world's "men of sacrifice," who are carrying on a guerrilla war against Israel. Undeterred, the guerrillas cross frequently into Israel to ambush a patrol, plant a mine or leave a plastic explosive in a marketplace. Israeli commandos cross the other way in occasional retaliatory raids against fedayeen bases or positions.

Nasser's army has been re-equipped and retrained by the Russians since the Six-Day War. The MIG-17s and MIG-19s that the Israeli air force destroyed on the ground have been either replaced or augmented by supersonic MIG-21s; most are now protected by a

for an offensive strike: the amphibious transports, armored personnel carriers and four-wheel-drive trucks that he would need in order to cross the Sinai. Underscoring their concern that the artillery battles might get out of hand, the Soviets last week dispatched a note to Cairo declaring that the cease-fire should be "strictly carried out."

Despite the well-founded Russian caution and his own recent admission in private that any strike across the canal would be "suicidal," Nasser has steadily stepped up the level of violence to a point where he might not be able to back down easily. After he was received in February with unprecedented coolness and even rudeness by Egyptian soldiers at the Suez front, who wanted to know when they could fight, Nasser authorized them to mount heavy artillery barrages against the Israelis. The move was intended to raise military morale. It did, for a time, but soon there were fresh demands for action. So, last month Nasser sent Egyptian

try to do one or all of these things—they will simply be absorbed. They are overextended now. The fourth round, if and when it comes, will be a Six-Year and not a Six-Day War. It won't be ended by anyone's *coup de grâce*. They can't win this kind of war again." That is probably wishful thinking.

It is Nasser's predicament that he must continually talk of war and show himself in action against Israel in order to retain the confidence of militant Arabs and, more crucially, of his own army. At the same time, it is doubtful whether he could long remain in power if he led the Arabs into another round and lost. He no longer shares power in Egypt with General Abdel Hakim Amer, who committed suicide—or so the government said—after the 1967 war, and so Nasser could not again place the blame for defeat on the army. Since 1967, he has had personal control of Egypt's military, and now he is

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An Interview with Nasser

Time Inc. Editor in Chief Hedley Donovan and TIME Managing Editor Henry Anatole Grunwald recently interviewed Egypt's President Gamal Abdel Nasser on problems and policies in the Middle East. The meeting took place in Nasser's relatively modest stucco home in Cairo's Manshiet al Bukri district. As birds chirped in the garden, Nasser, tanned and looking fit, entered the room wearing a white sport shirt and brown slacks. He

spoke readily in a soft voice and, when amused, broke into a boyish giggle and slapped his thigh. Typically, he was more restrained in private with foreign listeners than he is in public exhorting the Arab masses. In three important areas—demilitarization of Sinai, a non-aggression treaty with Israel and recognition of Israel—Nasser offered new thoughts and embellishments on old ones. Some of the questions, and Nasser's answers:

What are the prospects of a Mid-east settlement?

It has been almost two years since the occupation of Sinai, and there is continuing occupation. We have agreed to a peaceful solution, implementing the 1967 Security Council resolution. Until now, Israel has not accepted it. She says she will not leave the occupied areas until we sit down with her to talk peace. But we refuse to sit. It is not called for in the Security Council resolution. If we sit now, we sit as defeated people, sitting only to capitulate. This we cannot do.

Are you satisfied with your military performance along the Suez Canal?

Yes. The Israelis want us to respect the cease-fire resolution, but they do not respect the other resolution about withdrawal. If a big part of your country is occupied by enemies, you can wait a reasonable time for withdrawal. But the people are asking us to liberate the Sinai. Our artillery begins the liberation effort, for it is our right and duty to liberate occupied territory.

If Israel is persuaded to withdraw from the occupied territories, how would you visualize the next step?

If Israel agrees on two main points, this will solve the problem. The points are land—withdrawal from all occupied territory—and people—the Palestinians must have the choice of returning to their homes.

Could there be some sort of international occupation of that territory, say by a U.N. force, while further negotiations take place?

No, we could not accept the international occupation of Sinai.

Not even as an interim step toward solution?

Israel wants to have Sinai demilitarized. We could agree to such a situation with the Security Council, with Dr. Gunnar Jarring—something like that—for a short period. But on the permanent demilitarization of Sinai, we refuse.

Can you conceive of any negotiated territorial adjustments in the Sinai?

It is beyond discussion. These

boundaries have been here for hundreds of years.

What about in Jordan?

That is for the Jordanians to decide.

In Syria?

There is nothing in the Security Council resolution about border rectification. If we agree to rectification, we go beyond the resolution, and this we cannot do.

If a solution is somehow achieved, would you sign a nonaggression pact with Israel?

If there were a solution to all problems, this would be something to think about.

If all other matters are settled, would freedom of navigation in the Suez Canal be a problem?

The canal would be no problem.

Are you ready to accept the existence of Israel if there is a withdrawal and a permanent settlement?

I accept the reality of Israel, and so will my people, if there is a humanitarian solution. Call it Israel, or whatever they want to call it, and I will recognize it.

Would you agree to an internationalization of Jerusalem?

Jerusalem is a holy city for Moslems, Christians and Jews. No one should be deprived of his religious rights. In any internationalization, the Jews, with a well-organized and rich worldwide community, might take advantage of us. We are for complete withdrawal from Arab Jerusalem. Without that, there can be no peace. We were not planning for war in 1967, but we must plan for war now in case everything else fails.

There is a growing body of U.S. opinion that we are too much involved in several parts of the world. How would you feel if the U.S. were less interested in this area?

After World War II, I looked upon the U.S. as a great and just power, taking no sides. I was proud of the U.S., but I have had many disappointments since then. The U.S. has refused us arms. In the Middle East, the U.S. has supported reactionary el-

ements against progressive elements, and Israel against the Arabs. Maybe the best solution for the U.S. is not to withdraw but just to be more even-handed. We assure the U.S. that we don't want to be Communist or influenced by anybody. Besides, it is impossible for the U.S. not to be concerned with the Middle East. You have interests here, and you cannot isolate yourselves from these interests. The Middle East is of great importance to both the U.S. and Russia.

Would you rather have the Soviet Union or the U.S. here?

I would rather have neither one, but it is not my decision. The Soviet Union has been a good friend to us for many years.

How about China?

China is not directly involved here. We have had a misunderstanding with the Chinese. They say I try to cuddle up too much to the Soviets.

What is the state of civilian and military morale?

We are against a big increase in morale because it might bring pressure from the people for military action that could be unwise. My tone of peaceful solution is not very popular in this country, and it poses a dilemma for us. I have told the people we do not want adventures, that we should not move against our will or out of frustration over 1967. This does not make me popular. One of my own children left home to join the armed forces after the war.

It was said after the 1967 war that you were getting misleading information from your military. Are you confident you are getting correct information about your capabilities now?

I was not handling military matters before the 1967 war. Now I am handling them directly. I am confident that I am not being misled.

If another war comes, and if you should win, what would your terms be to Israel?

That is like selling the fur of the bear before killing it. It is difficult to say. If I get any ideas about it, I will write you.

alone at the top, without a scapegoat.

The leadership of the Arabs is probably the world's most precarious perch. "The presidency is a painful position to hold in present circumstances," he says. "Even now my wife is against my continuing. We do not lead a natural life. We have lived continuously in tension for the past 17 years." In a typically busy seven days, he received Jordan's King Hussein to hear a report on the King's visit to Washington, welcomed Kuwait's Defense Minister Sheikh Sa'ad Abdullah as-Salem to discuss military cooperation on the eastern front, conferred with Syria's President Nouredine Atassi and Defense Minister Hafez Assad, and personally appealed to Fedayeen Leader Yasser Arafat (TIME cover, Dec. 13) to intervene in a dispute between his commandos and the government in Lebanon.

Survival by Sumud

At 51, Nasser no longer shows the strain of his darkest days in the aftermath of the 1967 war. He appears robust, cured of a reported circulatory ailment by Russian doctors, who ordered him to quit smoking. He has resumed playing tennis and Ping-Pong and, he tells friends, has recently taken to reading the Old Testament "to better understand the Jewish mind." His living room in the Cairo district of Manshiet al Bakri is filled with pictures of world

leaders, many of whom he has outlasted in power, from Indonesia's Sukarno to Lyndon Baines Johnson.

Intensely conscious of his place in history, Nasser, by a grandiose reach, sometimes likens himself to Winston Churchill in World War II, and Suez to the English Channel. He has declared, at least until recently, that he will not go down in history as the Arab leader who made peace with Israel. For two years, his tactic has been *sumud*—standing fast, or at least not admitting defeat, no matter what the odds. It is linked in his mind and rhetoric with two other words: *radda*, retaliation, and *tahrir*, liberation of the occupied lands. Says Nasser: "We are now in the phase of retaliation."

When Nasser came to power in 1952, he used to insist that any renewal of war with Israel would detract from his most important task, raising the standard of living of his people. "In Egypt today," he complained at the time, "a water buffalo is more valuable than a human being. I mean, it costs more to hire a water buffalo for a day's work than it does to hire a fellah." Today the same holds true, though the price has gone up for both a man's labor (58¢ a day) and a water buffalo's hire (69¢). Under Nasser's socialism, the fellah no longer has to make obeisance to the local pasha; instead, he is cheated by the corrupt administrator appointed by Cairo. Nasser's revolution, which began with bright hopes, is dismissed, like everything else in Egypt, with "*ma'aleesh*," a verbal shrug meaning roughly that nothing can be done about it.

To the fellahen, who make up more than half of Egypt's population, the threat of Israel is as remote and unreal as any hope of improvement in their ancient way of life or freedom from their backbreaking, dawn-to-dark work on the land. The war is brought home daily to

Cairenes in the shabbiness of their once-exciting city, in the tomblike echoes of the airport terminal, in the empty streets of the Moussky shopping district, where donkeys now outnumber tourists—and in the constant shortages. For four years the capital's citizens have endured three consecutive meatless days a week. Luxury goods have been banned in order to conserve scarce foreign exchange for necessities. Scotch is unobtainable, except in tourist hotels. Cosmetics are hard to get. Any visitor is likely to be offered more money for the clothes on his back than they were worth new; it matters only that they were not made in Egypt, for that is the mark of status today.

"If war comes, it comes," says a shopkeeper in the Moussky. "There is nothing I can do except protect myself and my family and my business from bombs the best I can." The attitude seems typical of Cairenes, preoccupied with living through whatever lies ahead in the safest and most comfortable way possible. The daily task of hacking a way through the urban jungle is difficult enough for ordinary Cairenes, visible in the streets as ranks of sullen men in unpressed suits. Bitterly insecure, frustrated and angry, they might, in a less apathetic country, provide the base for a revolution. In Egypt, carefully watched by Nasser's security police, they care for neither politics nor war—nor, for that matter, the empty sands of Sinai.

A Closed Society

The most disenchanting of Egyptians are the educated, the middle class, the few merchants who have survived the socialist regime, and the middle- to upper-level government employees. They have the pay packets to travel and to buy their luxuries on the black market. But they cannot get uncensored news, and miss "most of all an open society," as one said last week. They freely complain that their life was better in the long-gone days of King Farouk, blame Nasser for dragging them into a war in Yemen that was none of Egypt's concern, and were for the first time convinced, by the 1967 war, that Israel is their real enemy. With little or no hope for the future, they respond in many cases by simply packing up and leaving Egypt for good, "to live instead of exist." An average of 150 a day file papers to emigrate to the U.S., and visas will probably be issued for 10,000 this year. It is a brain drain that Egypt quietly encourages in order to make way for the 140,000 Egyptians now in college or technical schools who will be clamoring for jobs once they graduate.

Cynical Egyptians have a saying that "In Iraq, Nasser wouldn't last six months. Here he can last forever." The reason is a pervasive, fatalistic apathy. One potent force for reform might be Egypt's students. Last year they took to the streets demanding an end to "the society of coined slogans" and of harsh regulations on their conduct. Nasser



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smoothly promised to grant every one of their requests—as soon as the Israelis departed from Egypt. With nothing else to be said, the students returned to class. "If we tore up the country, only the Israelis would benefit," said a Cairo University student last week. "On the other hand, if we don't reform the country, it won't be worth living in, so what can we do? Most of my friends say eat, drink and be merry, for there is no future; others are trying to emigrate."

Nasser is neither much threatened by Egypt's civilian population nor pressed by them into fresh military adventures against Israel. Politics in Egypt is essentially army politics. Some of the younger officers of the army bitterly recall how they were spat on in the streets of Cairo after the war, and would like to wipe out that memory. If there is an Egyptian alternative to Nasser, he is most likely an unknown army officer, as Nasser was in 1952.

If Egyptians were more given to revolting, they would find abundant cause in Nasser's brand of socialism, which has put one of the world's largest, most inept bureaucracies in charge of the day-to-day functioning of Egypt's economy. Its mismanagement is to blame for epidemic shortages, nonexistent planning and, ultimately, that Egypt's average income per person has gone up only from \$120 a year in 1952 to \$170 today. Much of even that modest improvement is swallowed up by increased taxes and inflation. By contrast, nearby Lebanon, which has far fewer resources but a policy of free-wheeling private enterprise, has a per-capita income of \$450 a year.

Bureaucratic Mismanagement

Egypt's bureaucrats have probably done more damage to its economy than has Israel. As compensation for lost revenues from Suez, Egypt receives a total of \$266 million a year from oil-rich Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Libya, \$46 million more than the Suez Canal produced in its last year of operation. Egypt has also benefited in the postwar years from the fact that world prices of its principal import—wheat—have fallen, while prices of its exports—mainly cotton, rice, sugar, onions and potatoes—have all risen.

Egypt's hopes for the future rest largely with Allah, oil and Aswan. The Israelis hold Egypt's Sinai fields, but Pan American, a U.S. subsidiary of Standard Oil (Indiana), has brought in an offshore field in the Gulf of Suez; its reserves are estimated at 1 billion bbl. Phillips Petroleum is pumping 40,000 bbl. a day at El Alamein, and Egypt's daily production of oil is expected to be 450,000 bbl. by next year.

Egyptians consider the Aswan High Dam, built with Soviet aid, to be Nasser's most signal accomplishment. Now 95% complete, it rises 364 feet above the flat Nile plain 560 miles south of Cairo, and behind it Lake Nasser is grad-



MEIR SALUTING WAR DEAD
Equally unrealistic price.

ually filling up. Aswan will supply electricity to Cairo at less than the cost in New York, but there are no plans yet to use the mineral and petroleum resources of the region to build an industrial complex. Aswan, as its most immediate benefit, will widen the narrow ribbon of fertile acreage along the Nile by 1.5 million acres, and allow double-cropping on another 4,000,000 acres. Even so, Egypt's ratio of land to people will be the same as when work on the dam began nine years ago. Underlying and aggravating all of Egypt's other woes is a runaway birth rate. Dur-

ing Nasser's term alone, Egypt's population has jumped from 21 million to 33.5 million; by 1980, at the current growth rate, it will be 50 million.

For the masses of the Arab world, an emotional alternative to Nasserism is provided by the Palestinian fedayeen. So far, they have failed in their primary goal of rousing the population of the occupied West Bank to revolt, and militarily they amount to no more than an irritation to Israel. But they are so inundated with volunteers that they claim to have higher recruitment standards than the Arab armies.

In their growing power, the fedayeen are potentially more of a threat to Arab governments than to the Israelis—a fact of which every Arab ruler is well aware. Syria trains commandos within its borders, but mostly sends them to attack Israel from Jordan or Lebanon. Iraq stations army units around their camps "for protection." Only Algeria gives the fedayeen unstinting support, in part because it is safe 1,350 miles away from Israel.

The Fedayeen

No such sanctuary is allowed in Jordan, where the fedayeen make their headquarters and from whence they launch the majority of their raids. The East Bank of the Jordan River is virtually a no man's land, and many of the country's villages have been heavily damaged by retaliating Israeli jets. The fedayeen swagger openly through the streets of Amman, Kalashnikov assault rifles at the ready, in defiance of an agreement between their leaders and the King that they will submit to civil law. Eventually, Hussein must face the cruel choice of Israeli devastation of his kingdom if he does not curb the fedayeen, or civil war with the Palestinians if he tries.

Hussein's dilemma is a vivid lesson to any country that might let the fedayeen operate within its borders. Nonetheless, the most peaceable Arab land of all, Lebanon, is being inexorably drawn toward the same fate. Three weeks ago, its government resigned in the wake of riots by Palestinians and students demanding freedom of action for the fedayeen. Last week Lebanon was still without a government, as its politicians vainly sought a compromise that would, in the words of President Charles Helou, allow Lebanon to "support this just struggle within our sovereignty and integrity"—in other words, without incurring Israel's wrath. Pushing the issue, commandos last week attacked a police post and a key road junction in southern Lebanon, and in the brief battles two Lebanese soldiers and seven commandos died. Al-Fatah Commander Arafat flew to Beirut to negotiate a truce. No matter what the outcome, Lebanon will almost certainly be the loser.

The fedayeen draw their main strength from the 1.3 million Palestinian refugees, and have the political power to endanger any peace agreement that



TERRORIST SUSPECTS UNDER GUARD
The primary subject was hatred.

does not include an offer that the refugees would consider, finally, just. The Palestinians are among the bitterest people in the world, and with reason. In the wake of the 1948 war, they scattered throughout the Arab lands. Educated, intelligent, some of them staff the ranks of governments and the faculties of Arab universities. But the majority were herded into squalid camps, fed by the United Nations on 7¢ a day and used as pawns by Arab politicians—particularly Nasser—to justify the continuing struggle with Israel. While diplomats spent over 20 years discussing and dropping various plans for resettling them, the Palestinian children were being taught as their primary subjects hatred for Israel and a determination to regain their land in the same way it

tialiation strikes have not been able to still. In their cafés and kibbutzim, Israelis, too, talk of a fourth round—while disparaging the Arab "war propaganda" as designed only to frighten the big-power diplomats. Within what they consider Fortress Israel, the Israelis regard with deep suspicion any outside attempt to bargain away the occupied territories that provide them with a measure of security, if not of peace.

Israel's price for handing over that security is in a way nearly as unrealistic as the Arabs' demand that Israel give up the occupied lands for nothing. Justifying her country's demand for face-to-face negotiations, Premier Meir last week declared that "when the Arab representatives overcome their reluctance and reach the stage of direct negoti-

cal than her predecessor, Levi Eshkol, about the need for bilateral talks and a formal treaty as the only means to a lasting peace. Taking Arab intransigence into account, the U.S. is pressing Israel to accept another kind of diplomatic solution. Specifically, the U.S. proposes a declaration of a state of peace, partly inspired by one that in 1956 formalized the end of the Russo-Japanese World War II hostilities. Under such a declaration, the Middle East combatants would separately declare to the United Nations that they were at peace again.

• **REFUGEES.** Jordan's King Hussein conjectures that few Palestinians are willing to return to a Jewish state. Nevertheless, the U.S. urges a plebiscite offering a choice of return or compensation. The fedayeen would doubtless make the outcome meaningless by turning out a sizable yes vote in order to prove that the Palestinian issue is still volcanic, and threaten to overwhelm Israel with Arabs.

• **JERUSALEM.** The holy city of three faiths threatens to become an unholy obstacle to any solution. Israel intends to retain all of the city but would allow Arabs access to Moslem shrines. Hussein demands the return of the Jordanian sector but would let Jews visit the Wailing Wall. The Soviets are proposing that the status of Jerusalem be left for the parties involved to settle themselves.

The Israelis' insistence on keeping Jerusalem and part of the occupied territories has raised in many minds the question of what they really want. They obviously do not want a settlement agreed on by the Big Two powers. They do not want another war. Their policy, as recently defined by Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, aims at the creation of "new facts" through occupation and the passage of time. This means forcing the Arabs, by pressure of occupation, to change their attitudes—a highly unlikely prospect. To many Israelis, "new facts" would include the fall of Nasser, whom they consider to be the main stumbling block to peace.

Israelis validly point out that any successor to Nasser, no matter how extreme, would at least not be in the Russians' debt, nor necessarily able to invoke Soviet aid. But, with no successor in sight, the search for a settlement comes down to what Israel will give up and what Nasser could sell to his army and to the other Arab lands. So long as their deadlock persists, Israel gets to keep the occupied territories, which it is putting to profitable use, and Nasser enjoys an external aid to survival, presented by the fact of the Israeli enemy at Egypt's gates. It is a treacherously thin high wire that Nasser walks, and he could easily fall—or jump—from it.

The ultimate conflict between Arabs and Israelis, however, is not so much a matter of land or race or religion as it is one of culture. The Arabs are light-years behind the European Israelis in education and modern managerial and



LEBANESE MOURNING SOLDIER KILLED BY FEDAYEEN
Vivid lesson in the dilemma.

was taken away—by force. Now grown to young manhood, they are the world's dividend of neglect, the fedayeen.

The cries for revenge of the fedayeen and the militancy of Egypt's army have their echoes in Israel. Israelis ended the Six-Day War with secure frontiers and a strategic geographic advantage that they had never had before. Their military is stronger than in 1967, and their Arab enemies are still divided. Moreover, the war sparked an economic boom that will have raised the national product 25% by the end of this year, and brought to Israel a political unity that has been made even more cohesive by Premier Golda Meir.

Fortress Israel

Yet in the past two years, 274 Israeli soldiers and 48 civilians have died, and 1,343 Israelis have been wounded at Arab hands, and the country is under almost daily attacks that all the Israeli re-

lations, the transformation will be so profound that they themselves and their people will come to realize how many are the advantages that they and not only Israel can derive from peace."

Israel's negotiating position, understandably, is a full 180° from that of the Arabs, while the U.S. and the Soviet Union have staked out bargaining bases between the two. The diverse views are causing complications on four main issues:

• **THE OCCUPIED TERRITORIES.** Russia originally agreed with the Arabs that Israel must withdraw to prewar positions before negotiations could begin, but now indicates that an Israeli declaration of intention to withdraw is sufficient at the outset. Israel, realizing that the return of Sinai to Egypt would enhance Nasser's prestige, will trade it off only in return for face-to-face negotiations with the Arabs.

• **TREATIES.** Premier Meir is more vo-

technical skills. The struggle is between a highly developed nation and a woefully underdeveloped nation. Nasser led his revolt in 1952 not only to free Egypt from 4,000 years of misrule and foreign domination, but to bring it into the modern world by the simplistic techniques of socialism. Distrusted by the Israelis, the loser in two wars, he has not, after 17 years, been able to make his land any more of a modern nation state. Arabs are all too keenly aware of the gap between themselves and the Israelis, and Nasser's promise and unfulfilled hopes are the tragedy of his years of power.

Nasser's Role

If he has not been able to bring change to the Arabs, Nasser himself has been changed by being the leader of their world. From the personification of Arab militancy, able to send crowds into the streets screaming for war, he has become a relative moderate, seeking a way out of another round of war that he cannot win and an unfinished peace that he cannot long endure. In a sense, he has come a long way toward compromise, and is willing at last to concede Israel's right to exist in the Arabs' midst.

In a way, it is the Israelis who are now the more intransigent party. They would have settled before the Six-Day War for what is now available to them from the Arabs. But no country in history has ever won a war without keeping some of the spoils. With victory, the appetite of the Israelis has increased, fostering widespread Arab fears that they are indeed bent on expansion and a little neighborhood imperialism. Some diplomats believe that it would help if the Israelis at least stated their willingness in principle to withdraw from the occupied territories, provided that their other legitimate security needs were met. It would also help the situation if they made a substantive recognition of the plight of Palestinian refugees.

Unrealism still exists in abundance on both sides of the conflict. The Israelis cherish the notion that, left alone by the big powers, they eventually would force the Arabs to come to their own terms. It is a *hubris* that they have earned by successive conquests of arms, and it envisions the downfall of Nasser, long their most implacable enemy, as part of the final process. It may be a shortsighted view: there is no surer way to a lasting truce than forging it with the strongest of one's opponents.

Nasser remains that—the only man who can make peace for all the Arabs and who as well can just possibly curb the fedayeen before it is too late. He too still nourishes his myths and his illusions, but the lessons of Israel's prowess have not been lost on him. Given a protective push from the big powers, and a little give from the Israelis, Gamal Abdel Nasser might yet provide Israel—and the world—with the means to a Middle East solution.

FRANCE

Challenger, Front and Center

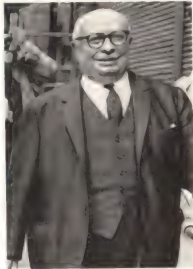
They laughed three weeks ago when French pollsters predicted that Charles de Gaulle's referendum would go down to defeat. *Les psephologistes*, of course, had the last laugh. So when *Le Figaro* last week published the first public-opinion survey showing preferences for De Gaulle's successor, candidates and voters paid close attention. As expected, Gaullist ex-Premier Georges Pompidou led the field, the choice of 42% of those queried. What was surprising was that close behind him, with a hefty 35% of the vote, came Interim President Alain Poher. The showing made the still undeclared Poher a serious candidate who could conceivably outdistance Pompidou in the election set for June 1—or certainly force him into a runoff. Frenchmen asked to choose only between the two favorites were almost evenly divided: Pompidou got 50.5% of the vote, Poher 49.5%.

Third Force. Considering that Poher was virtually unknown in France six weeks ago, and has enjoyed the public eminence of the Elysée for only two weeks, it was a remarkable vote of confidence. His standing clearly reflects France's approval of his adept and sensible performance. True to the Fourth Republic style of cultivating groundswells, Poher held off from declaring his widely expected candidacy until the last minute (the deadline is this week) but did what he could to build suspense. He was feeling "calm and serene," he assured newsmen at his first press conference. What about entering the race? "I am not a candidate, and I do not hope to be a candidate, but maybe I will be obliged to be a candidate," said Poher. Politicians streamed in and out of the Elysée to confer with him, and even Mayor Gaston Defferre of Marseille, the Socialist Party candidate, left the impression that he might move aside in favor of a true "third force" candidate between the Gaullists and the Communists.

Last week's polls only partly indicate how formidable a threat Poher is to Pompidou. If no one wins a majority on June 1, a runoff election between the two top vote getters will be held two weeks later. Pompidou might then find that Gaullist drawing power is fixed. If Poher, on the other hand, can assemble a large anti-Gaullist coalition—such as defeated the referendum—his current 35% reading might translate into a majority, as those voters who backed candidates eliminated in Round 1 choose between the two survivors. He already has the endorsement of his own centrist party; besides Defferre, the pivotal backers that could broaden his base include former Premier Pierre Mendès France, a socialist, and former Finance Minister Antoine Pinay, a conservative—both of whom paid calls on him last week. The Communists have not fielded a presidential candidate since



ALAIN POHER



JACQUES DUCLOS



GASTON DEFFERRE

So many cooks for the broth.

1946, and their current choice, a 73-year-old Stalinist fixture named Jacques Duclos, drew only 10% of the poll vote—about half the strength they normally show in assembly elections.

A New Start. Front Runner Pompidou, an astute analyst of French politics, is neither unaware of nor unimpressed by the potency of a possible third force. "They mix and mix, stir and stir, hoping the soup will be good," he said just before the referendum, and Pompidou has taken care to do some stirring of his own. He has talked with some centrist politicians and, in a political statement of faith (slogan: "A New Start") worked out at his country home last weekend, he promised to give the Assembly a greater say in running the government—a centrist obsession. He also decided to switch away from a campaign strategy based on TV appearances and announced that he would spend nearly half the two-week campaign visiting every region in France.

At week's end, in a speech to the Gaullist party's central committee, Pompidou made his most open bid so far for the vote of disaffected centrists. The referendum indicated a "desire for change," he said. He favored "the enlargement of Europe" and the development of a "European political consciousness"—both of which suffered under De Gaulle's domineering leadership. Clearly, Pompidou was promising a government that would significantly alter De Gaulle's eleven-year legacy.

From Colombey to Kerry

Under arrangements as secret as any that prevailed during his presidency of France, Charles de Gaulle flew off last week for an unexpected visit to the Irish seashore. De Gaulle and his wife Yvonne traveled by French military jet from a small airport near their country home at Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises to the Cork airport. They were met by Prime Minister Jack Lynch and a band of other officials, who hastily assembled to welcome their illustrious guest. The De Gaules then left by police-escorted limousine for the tiny village of Sneem in County Kerry. There, in a secluded bit of southwestern Ireland, where the Gulf Stream's warm waters nourish scrubby vegetation, the couple had rented a small twelve-room third-class hotel called the Heron Cove. Normally frequented by hikers and artists, it commands a sweeping view of Kenmare Bay from its 100-acre grounds.

County Kerry might seem like an odd place for the ex-President of France to take a holiday. However, the world's most quintessential Frenchman is partly Irish; his maternal grandmother was born in County Down, Ulster (then a part of Ireland). The main purpose of his trip is not sentimental, though. With the sort of disdainful gesture that is so especially his, De Gaulle has decided to absent himself from France during the election campaign and the voting on June 1 to pick his successor.

BRITAIN

The Edentulous and the Myopic

Prime Minister Harold Wilson has had to guide his ship of state through some tumultuous storms, but, compared with recent weeks, those voyages must seem to have been made on a millpond. Wilson's Labor Party was routed last week for the third straight year in local elections. Newspaper polls showed that if a general election were called now, the number of Laborites in Parliament would fall by two-thirds. Finally, after quelling a "mini-mutiny" by Labor backbenchers, Wilson was nearly nibbled to death by dentures.

Wilson's woes are largely self-made. His surprising clumsiness in foreign affairs, ranging from the preposterous invasion of tiny Anguilla in the Carib-

bian, to the coup attempt barely got started, largely because the two most prominent candidates to replace Wilson—Home Secretary James Callaghan and Chancellor of the Exchequer Roy Jenkins—refused to support the plotters. Moreover, three other Cabinet Ministers, led by Secretary for Social Services Richard Crossman, took a strongly pro-Wilson stand. The Prime Minister felt so confident that he was able to brag to a May Day rally: "I know what is going on. I am going on. Your government is going on!" Wilson thereupon confided that he intended "taking this country by the scruff of the neck" and forcing it to do what was needed to be done, regardless of the consequences to the Labor Party.

Saying so hardly made the going great. Jenkins reported out a gloomy



"ACADEMY REJECTS"

bean to his own ineffectual journey to Nigeria, where he tried vainly to serve as statesman-broker between rebel Biafra and the Nigerian federal government, has made Britain a figure of world ridicule. At home, Wilson is locked in a particularly bitter battle with British unions, which are incensed by his union-reform bills—and especially at the bill's penal provisions against wildcat strikers.

Conservative Ploy. Labor's backbenchers, a traditionally insecure lot, are plainly worried that the issue of union reform may cost them their jobs. Without the prop of union treasuries and union electoral support, Labor candidates would virtually lose by default. In this dire situation, some backbenchers began wondering aloud in the corridors whether Labor might employ a favorite Conservative Party tactic—that of changing Prime Ministers whenever party popularity plummets. This play enables the party to shift the blame for past errors onto the shoulders of the outgoing leader.

Then Crossman casually announced that the government was raising by 25% the price of dentures and spectacles obtained through the National Health Service. Everything about the announcement by Crossman was wrong. It was released right on the eve of local elections in which Labor's chances were poor to begin with, and it seemed almost calculated to rile the very backbenchers who had organized the abortive revolt. Worst of all, it reminded everyone in both parties that back in 1951 a similar charge for dentures and spectacles was enough to provoke Wilson's resignation from the Attlee Labor Cabinet. Anyway, M.P.s wondered, why had Crossman not eased the impact of his announcement by burying it in Jenkins' budget report?

Round Robin. The reaction was immediate and nearly hysterical. Backbenchers collected 125 signatures calling for an immediate withdrawal of Crossman's rates. Asked one Laborite: "Why should the edentulous and the myopic

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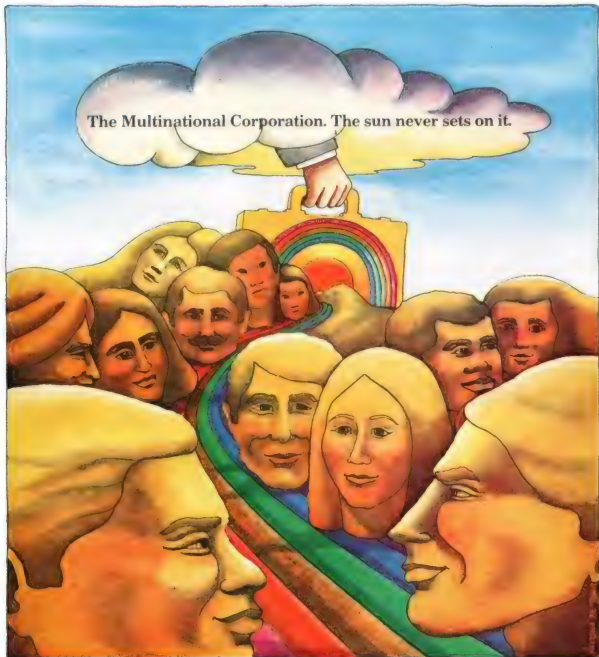
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be expected to correct our balance of payments?" Further, a round-robin letter, sponsored by right-wing Laborites, demanded a secret ballot by Labor M.P.s to determine whether Wilson should remain as Prime Minister and party leader. In a move without precedent, Parliamentary Labor Party Chairman Douglas Houghton warned Wilson that he could push his union reform through Parliament only at the risk of blowing apart the party. At week's end, as Wilson surveyed the extent of election losses that left Labor controlling only 57 of the 542 boroughs in Britain, he could perhaps take consolation from the fact that in medical history there has been no known case of a fatal bite by dentures.



SOVIET AGENT AT LETTER DROP
Even the allies practice on each other.

WEST GERMANY

Spooks Galore

"Is anything still secret in Bonn?" Konrad Adenauer once asked in exasperation. The answer then was *nein*—and it probably still is today. Both citizens and foreigners in West Germany are frequently accused of being spies. That jaunty journalist is charged behind his back with being in the pay of the KGB, the Soviet secret police. This hovering waiter is suspected of eavesdropping for the CIA. All government secretaries, of course, are thought to nip out at lunchtime with top-secret letters to be photographed by enemy agents.

No one knows how many spooks are lurking in the shrubbery and behind potted palms in West Germany, but over the past two decades 25,000 people have reported to the authorities that they were asked to spy. In the same period, 3,500 persons have been convicted of treason or treasonous relations. Yet, in-

stead of becoming inured to the rampancy of spooks, the West German press continues in full cry on the spy-exposé trail.

Runge's Memoirs. The current clamor began in March in the newsweekly *Der Spiegel* with a series on the activities of the Soviet KGB. The magazine led off with a detailed account of the espionage activities of Soviet Embassy Counselor Yuri Vorontsov, who had died in a February collision while at the wheel of his black Mercedes 220 in Cologne. Vorontsov, claimed *Spiegel*, was the KGB boss for West Germany, and it put the finger on Russia's popular press attaché in Bonn, Aleksandr Bogomolov, 46, as Vorontsov's successor. It also made much of his close friendship with the Krupp group's press chief, Count Georg-Volkmar Zeltwitz-Arnim.

The German press last week titillated its readers with two new tales of espionage. The first was the memoirs of KGB



DEFECTOR RUNGE & WIFE

Lieut. Colonel Evgeny Runge, 41, who for years passed information collected from his agents through the Soviet embassy in Bonn to Moscow before defecting in 1967. The second concerns Austrian-born Rupert Sigl, who last month ended 16 years of activity for the KGB by defecting to the CIA in West Berlin. According to *Die Welt am Sonntag*, Sigl took with him the names of 250 Soviet agents working in Germany—a high figure for any spy to know in a well-run operation. *Der Spiegel* concluded that Sigl had actually been a double agent for the past nine years, working for the KGB while simultaneously being in the pay of the CIA.

Nagging Doubts. As a chief target of Soviet intelligence, West Germany has been defended by its own security units, plus a dozen or so U.S., British and French agencies. When not trailing Soviet agents, these allied units sometimes practice on each other. In West Berlin, for example, the only phone line between the U.S. mission and the Soviet embassy in East Berlin goes through a British switchboard. Says a U.S. official: "We assume that the British are listening in on the line as well as the East Germans. If the situation

were reversed, I'm sure we'd be listening too." Though the Western agencies cooperate among themselves, there always remain nagging doubts as to whether information passed on by, say, the CIA tells all or only part of a story.

What is puzzling in the present round of exposés is that much of the material, including photographs of Soviet agents picking up missives from trees, is obviously being leaked by one or more intelligence agencies. Since an intelligence agency seldom admits or claims anything, such pressagency is uncharacteristic. The explanation may lie in Germany's own intelligence setup. After the war, the allies forced Germany to decentralize its intelligence functions. They are now handled by two separate, and often competitive, organizations, the *Verfassungsschutz* (the German FBI) and the *Bundesnachrichtendienst* (the German CIA). Matters are further complicated by the legal necessity of making any arrests with local policemen. The current furor may help prepare the German public for a more centralized intelligence operation, a delicate assignment in public relations because memories of Hitler's all too centralized secret police still haunt Germany. Still, recent newspaper headlines indicate that such a plan may be afoot. The national tabloid *Bild Zeitung* proclaimed: WEST GERMANY'S COUNTERINTELLIGENCE IS AS FULL OF HOLES AS SWISS CHEESE! Even the respected weekly *Die Zeit* lamented: THE FIASCO OF COUNTERESPIONAGE—A REFORM OF THE ORGANIZATION IS NECESSARY. Whatever the cause, the great spy exposé was fulfilling the same function for the German press that August "crime waves" do for American newspapers: building circulation and excitement during a slow season.

RUSSIA

Once Too Often

Among the small group of Russian protesters who continually brave beatings, labor camps and exile by publicly opposing the policies of the regime, the most unlikely rebel is a truculent bear of a man named Pyotr Grigorenko. The demonstrators are typically youthful intellectuals; Grigorenko is a limping elder of 63 who until five years ago held a major general's commission in the Red Army and before that taught cybernetics at the elite Frunze Military Academy in Moscow. Others may wear a beard as an ensign of protest. The clean-shaven Grigorenko's emblem is a cane that he carries because of war wounds. With it, he has been known to fight off policemen and young Communists dispatched to bait him when he appears.

Despite his age, Grigorenko cedes nothing to his associates in his distaste for autocracy or disdain for government attempts to muzzle dissent. When his old army comrades were about to invade Czechoslovakia, Grigorenko paid

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a call at the Czechoslovak embassy to advertise his approval of the Dubček liberalization program. At the funeral of Writer Aleksei Kosterin (TIME, Nov. 22), a longtime friend, he turned his eulogy at Moscow's crematory hall into an eloquent attack on "totalitarianism that hides behind the master of so-called Soviet democracy."

Trip to Tashkent. Since then, Griorenko has taken over one of Kosterin's favorite causes, the return of the Tartars to the Crimea, their ancestral home on the Black Sea. Because some Tartars may have collaborated with the Nazis, Stalin in 1945 abolished their republic, uprooted more than 200,000, and shipped them off to Uzbekistan and Kazakhstan in Central Asia. The Tartars were rehabilitated in 1967 but, despite persistent pleas, have never been allowed to return to their homeland. Griorenko loudly decries this policy as a kind of geographic genocide.

Last week such exploits finally caught up with the aging warrior. Griorenko had been warned that he faced jail if he carried out his latest crusade, a trip to Tashkent to act as counsel for ten Tartars about to stand trial for anti-Soviet activities. Nevertheless, he went. He had hardly reached Tashkent last week when he was arrested for anti-Soviet agitation.

Griorenko's first outburst in 1961—a criticism of the "Khrushchev cult"—eventually resulted in his discharge from the army followed by his commitment to a mental hospital for 14 months as a schizophrenic. This is a favorite Soviet punishment for dissenting intellectuals, short of shipment to a labor camp. Since then, because of his age, disability and service record—he had risen from private to general in 34 years and was a distinguished division commander in World War II—the government has merely admonished him for his outspokenness. Anti-Soviet agitation, however, is a serious charge. The possible sentence: seven years at hard labor.

URUGUAY

The Robin Hood Guerrillas

Seven men, four of them carrying sub-machine guns, steal \$220,000 from the Casino San Rafael in the plush seaside resort of Punta del Este—the biggest robbery in Uruguayan history. Several days later, after the thieves discover that some of the haul belongs to a pool for casino employees' tips, they graciously offer to return that amount. At about that time, four men break into the Financiera Monty, a Montevideo finance company that deals in currency exchange and real estate. Although the men make off with thousands of dollars and six account books, the company does not report the incident to the police. A few days after the heist, Montevideo papers and radio stations receive mimeographed messages from the thieves asking why the robbery was not reported and charging that the Financiera Monty was involved in illegal ac-

tivities. The stolen books are later found on the doorstep of a court official. The ensuing government investigation eventually results in a law forbidding all finance companies to engage in banking activities.

Since last fall, Uruguay has experienced more than a score of similar incidents—casino and bank robberies, weapons thefts, as well as the kidnapping and later release of a high government official who was also a friend and adviser of President Jorge Pacheco Areco. In virtually every case, the blame has fallen on the Tupamaros, an extreme left-wing organization that also calls itself the National Liberation Movement. Since it operates in a country in



CASINO SAN RAFAEL IN PUNTA DEL ESTE

Based on the squeeze.

which more than four-fifths of the population lives in cities and towns, it has dedicated itself to urban guerrilla warfare and eventual takeover by force. Despite such threats, the Tupamaros, cleverly exploiting economic and political discontent, have managed to build considerable admiration and sympathy among Uruguay's 2,600,000 people. Their daring, well-planned actions, their skillful public relations, their sense of humor and style have given them the romantic image of modern-day Robin Hoods, taking from the rich, giving to the poor, exposing wrongdoing and corruption—all the while thumbing their noses at the government.

The authorities hardly agree with the popular notion that the Tupamaros are mere idealists heroically dedicated to improving the lot of the common man.

"This is the beginning of an urban guerrilla movement," says Police Intelligence Chief Alejandro Otero. "The Tupamaros are really dangerous—they have capable people and remarkable organization." Tupamaro membership seems to be growing: there are now an estimated 1,000 members, grouped in clandestine five- to seven-man cells. The outfit is run by a core of perhaps 50 to 100 activists, some of whom are believed to have been trained in Cuba. Their intelligence is excellent, which suggests that Tupamaros have deeply infiltrated the government. Uruguay's 12,000-man army recently revealed that the guerrillas had detailed knowledge of military organization and codes. Another intelligence report showed that the Tupamaros were equally well informed about the 16,000-man police force.

The Tupamaro discipline stresses indoctrination as well as military and physical training. A captured document exhorts members to be "complete Samurai, with muscles of steel, an alert mind, instant reflexes, resistance to pain and a thorough knowledge of weapons." Although there have been a number of successful weapons raids on government arsenals, there has been little gunplay. Perhaps the Tupamaros want to avoid hurting innocent bystanders and tarnishing their Robin Hood reputation.

Economic Slide. The movement is named after Túpac Amaru, an Inca chief who rebelled against Spanish colonizers in the late 18th century and was subsequently executed. It has its origins in a sugar-worker protest movement that was formed seven years ago. A leftist activist named Raúl Sendic, who has been underground for years, is thought to be the leader of the Tupamaros. Economic discontent has undoubtedly helped the movement grow. A welfare state that assured its citizens full pay after retirement at the age of 55, Uruguay, once Latin America's richest nation, has seen its economy slide downhill for more than a decade. In 1967 alone, the rate of inflation was 135%, and the government ran short of retirement funds. Tough, recent measures taken by Pacheco Areco have slowed inflation to just over 6% for the past nine months, but at the highly unpopular cost of wage and price controls and curbs on strikes. The Tupamaros have not been able to persuade Uruguay's powerful Moscow-oriented labor unions, with their 240,000 members, to make common cause. Even so, they can rely on a fertile popular base as long as the economic squeeze lasts.

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PEOPLE

When he took over as conductor in chief of the Houston Symphony in 1967, Composer-Pianist **Andre Previn** joyfully exclaimed: "At last I am doing exactly what I want to do!" Now he can look for something else that he wants to do. Orchestra President Maurice Hirsch abruptly announced last week that Previn's contract will not be renewed. Hirsch indicated that the orchestra's sponsors were disgruntled over Previn's outside commitments, notably his romance with the London Symphony Orchestra. Another problem seems to have been Previn's mod, madcap ways. His romps in blue jeans through the city's nightspots with Mia Farrow have been amply recorded by local gossip columnists. For his part, Previn is outraged. "The town is musically wide-open for new things," he said, "but the orchestra is run by the most conservative group of people I've ever seen, even in cartoons."

A small but rabid band of Welsh nationalists has been sounding off angrily ever since the announcement that Britain's **Prince Charles** would be formally named Prince of Wales this July 1. But the protests all seemed more bark than bite. Now nine Welshmen are on trial for organizing a paramilitary outfit called the Free Wales Army, and last week the court was told of a document found in the home of one defendant detailing plans to murder young Charles "if necessary" to prevent his investiture at Caernarvon Castle. Unmoved, Charles maintained his royal composure and went about his studies of Welsh language and history at the University College of Wales.

At 74, he is four years past the usual mandatory retirement age for federal employees. But last week, as he celebrated his 45th anniversary in the same job, FBI Chief **J. Edgar Hoover** allowed that he has "many plans and aspirations for the future. None of them," said Hoover pointedly, "include retirement. As long as God grants me the health and stamina to continue, I have no ambition other than to remain in my post as director of the FBI."

It has to be the most bizarre writer-writer confrontation since Westbrook Pegler took on Drew Pearson. Charging that **Gore Vidal** waged "a campaign of persistent, false and defamatory allegations, both oral and written, that he is a Nazi," Conservative Columnist **William Buckley** filed suit asking for \$500,000 in damages. The charges stemmed from a fang-and-claw exchange that took place on ABC-TV during the Democratic Convention last August. At one point in the debate, Vidal called Buckley a "crypto-Nazi," to which Buckley replied: "Listen, you queer, stop calling me a crypto-Nazi or I'll sock you in your god-



ANDRE & MIA
Cartoon without chuckles.

dam face and you'll stay plastered." That sounded faintly libelous itself. Asked if he planned to file a countersuit, Vidal said, "It's possible."

The immense tarpaulin dropped and 100 doves soared into the sky as **Jacques Lipchitz's** latest sculpture, *Peace on Earth*, was unveiled at the Music Center in Los Angeles. Donated by Philanthropists Lawrence Deutsch and Lloyd Rigler, and valued at \$250,000, the 29-ft.-high, 10-ton design gives eloquent testimony to the career of the 77-year-old sculptor. Lipchitz spent three years on the project, laboring in his studio in central Italy. His efforts were interrupted by the Florentine floods of



JACQUES LIPCHITZ
Design without plaster.

1966, which devastated his retreat—as well as two-thirds of the design's original plaster. Undaunted, Lipchitz began anew. He was on hand to see his prayer unveiled. "Peace on Earth is my prayer for peace," he said. "If it will help us bring peace, then it is good sculpture; if it does not, it is bad sculpture."

"I'll take any flight that comes along," said the crew-cut Navy captain. "The sooner I get off the ground the better." **Alan Shepard Jr.'s** eagerness was understandable. Exactly eight years ago last week, he had blasted off aboard the *Freedom 7* Mercury capsule to become the nation's first man in space. But an inner-ear ailment grounded him late in 1964 and he has been holding down a NASA desk job ever since. Now after surgery, Shepard, 45, has been pronounced fit for space travel once again, possibly aboard a moon-bound Apollo sometime next year.

Student dissent has infected even the second-graders at Beauvoir School of the National Cathedral in Washington—or so says **Senator Ted Kennedy**. The morning after a stormy homework session with seven-year-old Ted Jr., he found the following note outside his bedroom door. "You are not asking me questions about the 5 pages. You are not crotching my home work, it is a free world." Said Ted Sr.: "I called for the campus police."

As escort for her first official White House party, a masked ball, **Tricia Nixon** chose the capital's newest Congressman and most eligible bachelor, **Barry Goldwater Jr.** Blessed with his father's strong-jawed good looks, young Barry is nothing if not a romantic figure, and he and Tricia made a handsome couple as they danced to the beat of the Turtles and the Temptations. Republican matchmakers immediately started buzzing about yet another White House wedding. But their concern seems a bit premature; after all, it was only Tricia and Barry's first date.

There are some who might be impressed by Tittenhurst Park, a 72-acre estate 26 miles west of London, complete with a rambling Georgian mansion, Tudor tea pavilion, tennis court, heated swimming pool, gate lodge and four staff cottages. There are also those who are unaffected by such trappings. Among them are Tittenhurst's new owners: **Beatle John Lennon** and his Japanese bride, **Yoko Ono**. "A mansion?" scoffs John. "A nice functional house with just a couple of rooms for Yoko and me." What about that splendid private picture gallery? "Just a shed where everyone plays pingpong." The \$348,000 price tag? Another bagatelle. "I say sometimes that we spend too much money, but it's a joke. I've got millions." Would the grounds be opened to the public? "Like hell. That may be a tradition here, but everyone knows I'm not traditional."

BEHAVIOR

THE BODY

The Hero in Every Man

A sniper's bullet fractures a Marine's leg, yet he continues carrying a wounded squad mate on a stretcher for a mile to the evacuation area. Hot shrapnel severs the leg muscles of another Marine so badly that doctors later say that he should have been unable to walk, yet he runs more than 200 yards to a medical-aid station. A man with a smashed knee crawls 40 yards to a mortar position, props himself on his elbows, and helps load shells for five hours before reporting his wound.

These incidents are not taken from the script of the next John Wayne movie or from the citations of Medal of Honor winners. They are simply the everyday stuff of battle in Viet Nam, where, according to a new study, unsung and unrecognized physical heroism is routine. In combat, the American serviceman turns out to be just as remarkable as he appears on film.

The confirmation of this patriotic cliché emerged from a military study intended to evaluate flak vests, helmets, and first-aid procedures. Using helicopters, 62 Army and Marine interviewers were able to reach 7,600 wounded men while their memories of the fighting were still fresh—often within 30 minutes after they were hit.

Group Stimulus. One of their discoveries was the prevalence in combat of a state of tension and excitement strong enough to block sensations of pain and keep the adrenaline surging. The study also confirmed the common-sense suspicion that fighting in a

group, in direct contact with the enemy, is an important stimulus to heroism. Men wounded away from battle—by mines or long-distance rockets—usually sense pain and stop what they are doing.

The military interviewers concluded that soldiers are able to follow the Spartan requirements of combat almost exactly, putting buddies and mission ahead of self. Though the sensible course would be to stop or retreat, wounded men under fire are most likely to respond to the needs of the fellow next to them. Their first reaction when they regain consciousness is most often to ask about their unit: "How many Charlie did we kill? Did we take the hill?"

Dauntless Hangover. Initially, at least, heroism leaves a hangover of dauntlessness. Most of the wounded men insisted—some for as long as two days—that they could return to their units immediately. When a doctor told one man with a missing toe that his leg would not have to be amputated, the soldier smiled. "Great," he said. "I can go right back to my squad." Almost all of the victims were able to toss off nonchalant quips about their plight. In a Da nang hospital, an interviewer asked an amputee what had happened to him. "Some bastard stepped on a mine," the soldier growled. From the next bed another amputee brightly chimed in: "Yeah, I'm the bastard."

Military analysts are just beginning to examine the raw data collected in the study, but the realization that a bit of the hero lurks in every man still amazes the Viet Nam interviewers. Says one veteran Marine sergeant who talked to

200 wounded men: "We had seen this kind of behavior in the movies, and we were trained to do it. I had always thought it was the exception. It is, however, the rule."

SEXUALITY

Changing Standards

Whether or not marital infidelity is actually increasing in the U.S., adultery has become almost a lighthearted and guilt-free pastime. Speaking at the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association in Bal Harbour, Fla., last week, Dr. Leon Salzman of Georgetown University Medical School noted that, contrary to popular thinking, a large number of adulterers are neither anxious nor conscience-stricken. With ridiculous ease, these philanderers convince themselves that an affair is either necessary to maintain their own mental health or a device for allowing them to tolerate a barely compatible husband or wife while still remaining married.

Another expert at the A.P.A. meeting pointed out that the way of the unfaithful is smoothed by the diminishing presence of jealousy in marriage. Sociologist Jessie Bernard, professor emerita at Pennsylvania State University, noted that some wives are relieved to find that their marriage is suffering from "nothing more serious" than infidelity. In addition, women are having more affairs of their own, partly because of the liberating influence of the pill and partly because of their growing economic independence.

Measure of Promise. "Much of the terror that once gripped women whose husbands were unfaithful to them stemmed from the threat it posed to their economic security," Dr. Bernard said. "Just a few years ago, I believed that a woman could not be casual about her own extramarital relations. Now a new kind of woman is emerging who can accept the sex-as-fun point of view without conflict." Although not necessarily endorsing the idea, she observed that married couples have become increasingly willing to accept a new kind of marriage that preserves "permanence at the expense of exclusivity."

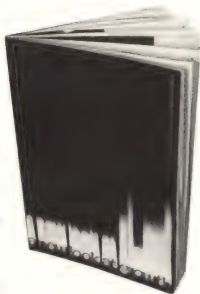
Dr. Bernard also found a measure of mature promise in the sexual patterns of young unmarrieds. She noted that growing numbers of young men and women approve semipermanent liaisons with a loved one that may or may not lead to marriage. For as long as these relationships last, she said, young people are now apt to insist more strictly than their elders upon "fidelity based on authentic emotion." Such liaisons may ultimately prove healthier emotionally than an adulterous affair. Adulterers, Salzman continued, are usually individuals who fail to commit themselves entirely to a relationship, and therefore are able to reap neither the consequences nor the rewards of passion. In his view, fidelity is not simply a virtue but a way of life that can add to the fullness of creative living.



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EDUCATION

STUDENTS

The Political University

Little by little, U.S. campus protest comes closer to resembling the compulsive mania of the recent Chinese "Cultural Revolution." Last week the spectacle seemed uglier than ever.

At Dartmouth College, state troopers cleared the administration building of students protesting ROTC. 45 students were later fined \$100 each and sentenced to 30 days in jail. At Johns Hopkins, students demonstrated against military research and recruiting on campus. In Indiana, state troopers used Chemical Mace on Purdue demonstra-

tion that has lost faith in the ability of regular political institutions to solve such national problems as war, race and poverty. As a result, the university is losing whatever neutrality it professes. In pushing it toward social action, students are helping to create a new U.S. institution: the political university. It is a dangerous role for universities. In Latin America, where universities have long been "politicized," most higher education has suffered badly. Moreover, extremism on the left has historically led to a counterextremism from the right, as it did in Germany in the early 1930s.

U.S. campus disorders have incited many state legislatures to consider

ing it to needed reforms and to the drive for a better society.

Even so, the growing hooliganism of many protesters threatens to wreck universities in the process. This danger now worries even some New Leftists, not to mention the vast majority of moderate sympathizers, who are more and more weary of having their expensive education constantly disrupted. The fundamental solution, of course, lies far beyond the campus. As Yale's President Kingman Brewster Jr. put it at a press conference last week: "Campus violence will grow worse unless an intense effort is made to end the war in Viet Nam, remove the inequities in the draft, solve problems of the cities and improve race relations."

Faculty Reaction. Meantime, the universities are trying to save themselves by seeking the key to orderly political processes, procedural safeguards that can turn campus protests away from naked force and toward rational debate. Above all, the obvious need is for long-absent faculties to lead in reforming their universities. Here and there, professors are finally awakening. Items.

► At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, several hundred faculty members stopped work for a day last March to dramatize their mounting concern over the institution's heavy involvement in scientific research for the "military-industrial complex." Subsequently, M.I.T. decided to decline new contracts for classified war research until a 22-man committee can re-examine the school's ties to the military and report back to President Howard Johnson next fall.

► At the University of Wisconsin, 35 senior professors have anonymously formed a group that was instrumental in gathering overwhelming faculty support for the administration's stand against Negro demands for a separate, autonomous black studies department; it is now leading a battle to restore proposed legislative cuts in the school's budget. "We're divided as to the changes we think should be made in the university," says one of the leaders, "but we're united in not wanting to see it closed down."

► At Pomona College last winter, Swimming Coach Charles Platt sensed that "the campus was like a teapot about to blow its lid," because plans for a black studies center were getting nowhere. Platt united 15 professors and students from all six colleges of the Claremont group in an organization called F.A.S.T. (Faculty and Students Together), which goaded the rest of the faculty into approving plans for the center; F.A.S.T. also worked on individual trustees, who last week voted their approval of the center as well. Now members of Platt's group are thinking of broadening their organization and renaming it F.A.A.S.T.—Faculty, Alumni, Administration, Students, Trustees.

Such examples of professorial activism are increasing, but they are still exceptional. Many self-centered scholars



TROOPERS MACING STUDENTS AT PURDUE
An underlying pattern emerged.

tors. At Washington's Howard University, federal marshals fired tear-gas rockets to flush 100 protesters from six buildings they had seized as part of a drive to make the predominantly Negro school more "relevant" to the capital's black community. The worst incidents occurred at Manhattan's City College, which became a battleground of racial violence (see story below).


Grave Misgivings. The deluge of disorders made it harder and harder for most Americans to keep the events in perspective. Bewildered citizens understandably forget that most of the nation's 6,700,000 collegians are still quietly studying for final exams. The U.S. has 2,500 colleges and universities; this year, scarcely two dozen have been seriously disrupted. The fact that each incident has a particular context is also frequently overlooked. Because universities differ so greatly, condemnation of all "protest" is not very helpful without an analysis of specifics at each campus.

Nonetheless, an underlying pattern has emerged: the American university has suddenly become a political arena—the prime forum for a generation

pressing measures, some well intentioned, some reminiscent of the know-nothingism of Senator Joseph McCarthy in the 1950s. Clearly, the political university must be viewed with grave misgivings. Writing in *The Public Interest*, Robert A. Nisbet, a sociologist at the University of California, states the problem: "The university is the institution that is, by its delicate balance of function, authority and liberty, and its normal absence of power, the least able of all institutions to withstand the fury of revolutionary force and violence."

To student activists, though, such words lack credibility because the modern university is already, in their view, a *de facto* political institution. Politely, they argue, is concerned with how and by whom a society's resources shall be directed. As they see it, universities have become political not only by training people for social roles but by performing Government research and supporting official policies. Thus, universities now share the blame for causing the nation's ills. The activists believe that they are merely redirecting the American university, yok-

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"When will we have to
replace our aluminum
stadium seats?"**

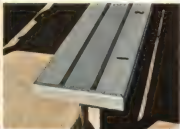
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(Left) Contoured single plank design with gold-anodized back-rests at Arizona State University. Smooth edges and serrated surfaces of aluminum seats have no clothes-snagging splinters, are safer. (Right) Reynolds Aluminum multi-plank clear-anodized seat in the Rose Bowl.



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still insist that they are hired to teach, not to run universities. Equally self-centered are some professors who do get involved, supporting whatever students demand as a way of enhancing their own popularity. Sometimes professors are even too passive to protect their own interests. Last week, for example, the academic senate at Berkeley met to vote on a resolution branding as "unnecessary, illegitimate and dangerous" a move by the University of California regents to review all tenure appointments. The resolution was approved unanimously—by the 75 faculty members out of 1,000 who bothered to show up.

(AP/WIDE WORLD)



STUDENT CENTER BURNING AT C.C.N.Y.
Unhappy conflict of goals.

Retreat of a Reconciler

At private campuses like Harvard and Columbia, most protesters are basically against the moral indifference of affluent America. Things are far earlier at the tuition-free City College of New York, where the great majority of lower-middle-class students shun protest and still believe in education as salvation—the key to affluence. Unfortunately, those yearnings have all but started a race war between some of C.C.N.Y.'s black and white students, a war that may have tragic significance for other public colleges across the U.S. The situation grew so bad last week that C.C.N.Y. President Buell G. Gallagher resigned.

Despite its grimy setting in Harlem, C.C.N.Y. has been a major force in shaping U.S. intellectual life. Created in 1847 by a referendum of the city's people, the college at once set high admission standards and offered free education to thousands of immigrants' chil-

dren who survived the grinding competition. A kind of proletarian Harvard, it produced a long list of financiers, writers and scientists, including Bernard Baruch, Felix Frankfurter, Upton Sinclair, Lewis Mumford and Jonas Salk. As the flagship campus of the 15-college City University of New York, it now has 20,000 students.

Defying Jim Crow. No man seemed better fitted to head C.C.N.Y. than Buell Gallagher, who took the job in 1952. An ordained Congregational minister, he had spent ten years as president of Alabama's predominantly Negro Talladega College, where "we lived together, Negroes and whites, without any distinction, defying Jim Crow." He had later taught ethics in California and served as assistant U.S. Commissioner of Education. As a scholar, administrator and civil libertarian, Gallagher zealously defended C.C.N.Y.'s academic excellence and fought hard to meet the rising educational aspirations of the city's growing Negro and Puerto Rican population.

Unhappily, those goals conflicted. To help minority group students, C.C.N.Y. admitted and gave special tutoring to less-qualified freshmen, but the numbers remained low. In April, 200 black and Puerto Rican students locked themselves inside the gates of the college's south campus. They wanted admissions policy to reflect the racial composition of the city's high schools, which are 45% non-white, compared with 12% at C.C.N.Y. They demanded control of faculty hiring and firing in the tutoring program, and a separate degree-granting school of black and Puerto-Rican studies. Backed by the politically appointed board of higher education, which controls C.C.N.Y., Gallagher closed the college to permit undisturbed negotiations.

Awaiting Justice. That tactic immediately roused assorted candidates for New York's forthcoming mayoralty campaign. They demanded that Gallagher reopen the college. He refused, fearing racial violence. When his politically sensitive board then directed him to resume classes, Gallagher said that he would "go to jail" rather than use police to clear the campus. Last week the south campus occupiers finally decamped under court order. But when school reopened, bitter fighting broke out between blacks and whites. As angry whites saw it, the long shutdown had damaged their education, while mass admission of blacks and Puerto Ricans threatened to devalue their diplomas.

Three days of disruptions and bloody racial battles, the burning of the student auditorium and "the intrusion of politically motivated outside forces" persuaded Gallagher to quit. "A man of peace, a reconciler, a man of compassion must stand aside for a time and await the moment when sanity returns, and brotherhood based on justice becomes a possibility," said Gallagher. Other presidents of public colleges, equally subject to racial strife, could only regard his defeat with foreboding.



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THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

Change at LIFE

At one of his first staff meetings after becoming managing editor of LIFE in 1961, George Hunt cited one of his goals: "We must revive the spirit of Lincoln Steffens." LIFE soon exposed corruption in the New York State Liquor Authority, and its articles led to the conviction for bribery of L. Judson Morhouse, one of the state's leading politicians. Since then, LIFE has published dozens of investigative stories, including revelations about the machinations of the Mafia, the racket of doctors who take advantage of fat women with re-

DAVID GRAY



GRAVES

A few years became 20.

ducing programs, and the unsavory acquaintances of former Missouri Senator Edward V. Long. In recent weeks, it has stirred a national storm with stories that pointed out ethical flaws in the conduct of Ohio Governor James Rhodes and Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas (see THE NATION).

At this point, George Hunt decided to exercise a proviso that he had made when he became managing editor: he would keep the job only until he was 50 years old. Last week, at 50, Hunt stepped down as LIFE's managing editor. His place will be taken by Ralph Graves, 44, a 20-year veteran at LIFE who has spent the past two years as senior staff editor of all Time Inc. publications and assistant to Editor in Chief Hedley Donovan. Graves will share responsibility for running the magazine with LIFE's editor, Thomas Griffith.

Many Voices. A veteran of Marine Corps action in the Pacific, where he won the Silver Star and Navy Cross, Hunt progressed from a FORTUNE magazine writer to LIFE bureau chief in Chicago and Washington. As LIFE's managing editor, he added guest columnists

and more by-lined critical articles, and achieved a more effective blending of words and pictures. Hunt not only made LIFE more personal but added, as he puts it, "many voices, many points of view, as well as its own." His philosophy was that LIFE should "report the news as magnificently as possible," realizing that "people like to escape in beauty, and art, and space." Readers responded so well that LIFE's circulation grew from 6,888,000 to 8,500,000 (with an assist from subscribers who had switched from the *Saturday Evening Post*). LIFE, however, shares the dilemma of all mass-circulation magazines these days: production costs are so immense that advertising revenues—which for LIFE last year totaled \$153,900,000—produce only slim profit margins.

Hunt will take a year's leave before returning to a new executive post at Time Inc. Following a life-long love of the sea, he has bought a 57-ft. ketch that he plans to sail on a year-long cruise with his wife Anita and a few friends, going to Bermuda, the Azores, through the Mediterranean, along the Italian coast and to the Greek Isles.

LIFE's new managing editor, a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of Harvard ('48), joined LIFE because a friend advised him that a few years on such a magazine would be invaluable experience for a novelist. He has since published two novels (*Thanks for the Ride* and *The Lost Eagles*), but they have not distracted him from his career as an editor. In his assignment outside the pressures of weekly deadlines, Graves has had time to develop some firm ideas for improving LIFE. Never a chatty journalist, though, he contends that an editor must be judged not on what he says he will do but on what he does.

NEWSPAPERS

Inside France

The U.S. has a new tabloid newspaper. It prints no racy photographs—in fact, it prints no photographs at all. Its gourmet column dwells on such matters as the proper preparation of oel. Its travel stories tell how to avoid the plague of Americans in Paris. Its news stories read more like scholarly essays or finicky editorials, reflecting the attitude of its writing staff of 110, three-quarters of whom hold a Ph.D., law, or master's degree in literature or political science. There is scarcely any advertising; yet the paper's success seems virtually assured. Perhaps most unusual of all, the paper is printed in Paris. It is the English-language edition of Paris' *Le Monde*, and it is an invaluable aid for Americans who need or want to understand France and Europe from within.

Hubert Beuve-Méry, *Le Monde's* erudite editor, notes that, "It is events such as the accouchement of Brigitte Bardot that send our competitors' sales

soaring. For us, it is a political crisis." From this viewpoint, the first appearance of the English-language weekly edition could hardly have been more auspicious: it came out the Wednesday before the referendum that brought down Charles de Gaulle. *Le Monde* cast a cool eye at De Gaulle's threatened resignation, denounced it as "a kind of blackmail," and wondered whether Frenchmen should "grant General de Gaulle the 'blank cheque' that he is demanding." *Le Monde* seemed to think that they should not. The next week, the paper accepted the results as more or less fore-ordained, dissected the *non* vote and analyzed M. Pompidou's bid for "Gaulism without De Gaulle."

Other stories pointed up *Le Monde's* wider beat. Marshal Lin Piao, "the man

KELLY PATTERSON



GRIEBINE

Eye for crisis, not accouchement.

who launched the little red book," was profiled. An anonymous report from Athens dissected the problems of the Greek junta: "The toughest rivals which the regime will have to face may come from within the military establishment itself—in spite of the elimination of several hundred officers and the promotion of many others."

Unable to Cope. Beuve-Méry has put Lois Griebine, 38, a Smith College graduate and former *Réalités* editor, in charge of the English edition. She commands a squad of three assistant editors and 30 part-time translators, most of whom are professionals employed by Paris-based international organizations. Selling for 50¢ in the U.S. and two shillings in Britain, the paper has a current circulation of 25,000. Who reads it? Gertrude Markham, a *Le Monde* director, says: "University professors, students, Francophiles, diplomats, government officials, businessmen, journalists, people in the art world. Anyone who wants to know how the most serious newspaper in France looks at an event. And a lot of others who simply can't cope with *Le Monde* in French."

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Fashion: The Way of All Flesh

NOT so long ago, the woman with nothing to wear had a problem. Today, nothing is practically all she needs. With the new nude look in fashions, the flimsiest pretext of a dress will do—but only on a girl with a figure worth seeing through to and with nerve enough to let the world see through to it. If she has the right shape and attitude, she can get away with anything from a bra and gypsy waistcoat to a blouse woven wholly out of cobwebs. Guardians of morality may frown in disfavor, girl friends may shriek in outrage and envy and husbands may either approve (when the woman is somebody else's) or glare silently (if she is his own). Still, more and more women are wearing less and less these days. Come summer, they are likely to show even more explicitly that the newest way in fashion is the way of all flesh.

Second the Motion. The nude look has come and gone throughout history, from Eden to Egypt to Greece, to Rome, to France, to the U.S. today. The current manifestation began in 1964 when Designer Rudi Gernreich produced his infamous topless bathing suit. The Kremlin and the Vatican denounced it; most American women were completely unprepared (or unequipped) to wear it. In defense, Gernreich explained his purpose: "By exaggerating a new freedom of the body now, I hope to make the moderate, right degree of freedom more acceptable in the future." Yves St. Laurent seconded the motion two years later with his show-and-tell dresses. With body stockings available to control the unruly flesh and provide a modicum of modesty, women who had snickered at Gernreich thought again, and looked to the future. It came sooner than even Gernreich had expected, though the new nudity, as he explains it, "is a natural development growing out of all the loosening up, the re-evaluation of values that's going on. There is now an honesty hang-up, and part of this is not hiding the body—it stands for freedom."

Some bodies, of course, are better off concealed. Designers are unanimous in warning anyone with so much as an extra pound of flesh to stick to the old shirtdress. Steven Brody, one of the innovators of the Cadore breastplate (see color pages), recalls with disdain an overwound woman in a see-through blouse: "It was not appetizing. There she was, just bouncing along. Flippety flop." Designer Jon Haggins, himself a slim, trim 165 lbs., adds that "our customer has to be between 19 and 35, with a firm body, not absolutely flat and not busty either."

Paraphernalia's Guy Paulin is more socially demanding: in his clothes, he wants to see a girl "of typical good family, a little hollow-chested. She can wear

a slightly vulgar dress since she exhales good family through every pore of her body." For Designer Leo Narducci, it is not so much a specific size or class of woman who can wear his clothes as it is a certain type, one who "is sure of herself, who thinks of sex more openly. If a guy isn't agreeable to her, she'll find someone else. She's not concerned about nudity. She has a body and she knows it."

Horizontal Cleavage. Ah, yes, but does the rest of the world? If not, a woman can get the news out in any number of ways. There is body jewelry—breastplates made of metal or leather, or vests put together from chains of



STATUE OF CRETAN GODDESS, 1500 B.C.

plastic or pearls. Or the see-through blouse, with a bra of the same fabric but lined (and therefore opaque) to keep the blouse a blur instead of the advertisement it becomes when worn over nothing. Then there are see-through pants (under them, a matching opaque bikini bottom) and cleavage: vertical in skirts slit all the way up to the waist, horizontal in boleros that cut a wide swath through the midriff and barely remember to cover the breasts.

Just as the ladies who wear them must be the right shape, so must nude fashions be worn at the right time and place. None of the outfits will do for an evening at the opera, not even backstage, nor are they likely to show up at

a restaurant or on the crosstown bus. The idea is not to shock the general public but to dress with taste among friends—at *intime* dinners and small cocktail parties—in clothes that do not fudge the fact that the wearer is a woman, but leave a certain something to the imagination.

Transparent and Purple. "Mystery is the important thing," says Ethel Scull, Pop-art patron and wife of the owner of a fleet of New York City taxicabs. "I'll never, never wear a see-through without a body stocking," she insists, remembering the passing pedestrian who had one look through her first one before "his glasses fell off." Model Penelope Tree substitutes a satin bra for the body stocking, refusing to go without anything. "It's hard enough getting people to pay attention to what you're saying," she says, "without focusing their attention on your bosom."

No matter what they are wearing underneath, women from coast to coast are buying the nude look. In Cambridge, Mass., the buyer for a new shop, Truc International, reports a dizzy business in see-through shirts. "We can sell anything that is transparent and purple," she says. New Yorkers do not care what color it is: tissue-thin voile shirts are turning up like daffodils all over the city. In Washington, D.C., a lady reporter turned heads at the White House correspondents' dinner with a bare-midriff, see-through pajama set. Being diplomatic (or missing the point), George Romney asked: "Who is the blonde with all the hair?" In San Francisco, where openwork-crochet tunics are favorite items, one girl showed up at the Bachelor's Ball with a midriff bare but for a large aquamarine. A customer at Dallas' Orchid Shop last week paid for her lace see-through minidress, then carefully ripped out the lining. "What's the use of getting a see-through," she asked, "if you can't see through it?"

Radar Screen. For wearers and spectators alike, the nude look presents certain problems. "If you run while wearing see-throughs," says Penelope Tree, "you have to be careful. You could overflow like warm Camembert cheese." There are the ogles, against whom Mrs. Scull protects herself by taking off her glasses: "That way, being nearsighted, I can't see people's reactions." And there are those for whom ogling is not enough. Photographer Susan Greenburg-Wood wore her first see-through to a Lincoln Center benefit in Manhattan; all was well until intermission, when suddenly, she recalls, "one woman actually came over and lifted up my blouse."

For men, the big question is where to look, and how? Furtive, sideways glances lend a guilty, not to say downright criminal, flavor to the sport; besides, they are unwarranted. A clear-eyed body stare can be misinterpreted. Sweeping the scene like a radar antenna is not a bad approach provided that the sweeper does not mind being pegged as slightly insane. A really sharp

SUN, SKIN AND A HINT OF SIN



As in classic times, the fashions of the summer season uncover the female body and reveal a lot of skin. Poised like two heteraeae amidst the columns of the acropolis at Lindos, on Rhodes, are Models Naomi Sims

and Samantha Jones flaunting the body jewelry that is something new under the recent sun. The metal breastplates by Cadoro and the flowing, chiffon skirts by designer Jon Haggins make them a study in elegant nakedness.



A thousand years before Pericles, the rich Minoan civilization on Crete had discovered the beauty of the minimal. Though Minoan women could afford more, they chose to wear less—a notion echoed in these see-through tunics made of metal and plastic by Mimi de N. (below). Their particular whim



was to wear their breasts bare—a mode evoked by Designer Haggins' sheer blouse (right) in the restored palace at Knossos. At left, model Maud Adams leans on a reminiscent pillar in Haggins' draper dress that reasserts the appeal of curple and bosom across the centuries.





Nature is wild and untamed on Sardinia's Costa Smeralda, where Karim Aga Khan is developing a new jet-set resort. Samantha Jones punctuates the countryside as a scantily clad gypsy in Giorgio di Sant' Angelo's ornamental leather bra and matte jersey skirt.



Sardinia's lushest hotel, Cala di Volpe, is built in the form of an old Sardinian fishing village. This peasant dress by Geoffrey Beene, like the surroundings, incorporates the sound tradition of the past while adding the fillip of the new.

For town, Designer Sant' Angelo provides a more decorous and easy way of uncovering by baring the midriff, and providing a hip-hugging skirt and a top tied under the bosom.



The days of Rome's indolent decline and fall are evoked by Benedetta Barzini as she descends the steps of the Palazzo Borghese in this teasingly revealing pants and tunic outfit designed by B. H. Wragge. A naked midriff gleams through an insert of organza and legs show whitely through diaphanous pants.



Framed by a portico in the garden of the Palazzo Caffarelli, Samantha Jones manages to convey a triumphant lack of modesty in this extravagant evening gown by Oscar de la Renta, with its yards of lacquer-red organza topped by a skimpy, beaded, see-through bodice.





Beside a colonnaded pool at Hadrian's Villa, outside Rome, Tom Nassare's outfit for Sport Sophisticates offers a modern contrast to classic unabashed nakedness. The top is demurely high-necked; there is an underlying bikini. But everywhere else, the outfit is transparently see-through where it is not tastefully bare.



Mounting the grand staircase leading to the temple of Lindos, Haggins' next-to-nothing ensemble sets off Maud Adams against the sky. The double-layered bra is as skimpy as two decals. Matching bikini panties are added for propriety.



Simple and emphatic as an exclamation mark or the Doric columns behind her is this dress by Haggins worn by Naomi Sims. It pulls over the head like a halter, then wraps around the waist like an apron.



SALUTE TO "QUEEN ELIZABETH 2" ENTERING NEW YORK HARBOR
With a passenger list from the London telephone directory.

spectator will look the girl straight in the eye and natter on into the night about urban renewal, air pollution and go-go mutual funds. Sooner or later, he will bore her into looking away long enough for him to look down—and see through.

TRAVEL

Hotel at Sea

It is Europeans, for the most part, who have constructed these great ships, but without America they have no meaning. These ships are alive with the supreme ecstasy of the modern world, which is the voyage to America.

When Thomas Wolfe wrote those lines in 1935, the ocean liner was a way of life. Presidents and prime ministers, poets and kings, actors and novelists, rode the great ships between the Western continents. Rockefellers, Astors, and Vanderbilts wore white tie and tails to the captain's gala, nibbled caviar in the lounges and sipped champagne on the promenade decks, their long-gowned ladies at their sides. A maiden voyage was an epochal social event.

On last week's maiden transatlantic crossing of the *Queen Elizabeth 2* (one-way fares: \$490 to \$3,000), the VIP list read like a page from the London telephone directory and the formal wear was mostly rented. Newspaper reporters divided their attention between F.D.R.'s youngest son John and a passenger notable chiefly for having made 22 previous crossings. Desperately, they wove vignettes from such unpromising material as the pet white mouse in a first-class stateroom, the ship's minor collision with a whale, and a vicar selling oak trees to reforest Sherwood Forest. With the weather still too cold to swim or sun, the passengers danced, drank, and rested. The most popular place on the ship was the cinema, which was packed to capacity for both afternoon and evening showings of first-run films.

Gone is the Old World elegance of the earlier *Queens*, with their majestic paneled sitting rooms, heavy leather-covered chairs and bronze statuary. It has been replaced by the chrome and Naugahyde of modern design, ranging in

taste from contemporary elegance to Las Vegas gaudy. "Restaurants" have replaced dining rooms, and even that venerable man for all needs, the purser, has been redesignated the "hotel manager." Though the *QE2* will maintain two classes (first and "standard") on her transatlantic runs, she will cruise the Caribbean as a classless society nine months of the year.

The crossing lacked the panache of the past, but it laid to rest doubts of the ship's seaworthiness (*TIME*, Jan. 10). The sleek vessel cut through choppy seas without so much as a tinkle of ice cubes in highball glasses. Computers charted a flawless course, and satellites monitored her position. "I'm sorry I have nothing dramatic to tell you," said the ship's master, Captain William Warwick, a former relief captain for both the *Queen Mary* and the first *Queen Elizabeth*. "But what's there to say when everything goes so well?"

Late Sweetheart. The ship's greatest test, public acceptance, is yet to come. The Cunard Line has gambled \$71 million, loaned by the British government, on the concept of the ship as a floating resort hotel for young Americans willing to spend an average \$72 a day for "the first vacation city that isn't tied down." "With this ship," says Cunard Chairman Sir Basil Smallpeice, "we are out of the transportation business and into the leisure business."

Though most were favorably impressed, there were almost as many opinions of the new ship as passengers (1,451 of a 2,000 capacity). The harsher criticisms came from those accustomed to the old *Queens*. More general complaints concerned the food (satisfactory to barely palatable), the service ("You're late, sweetheart," said a waiter to a lady sitting down to lunch, "so now you're gonna have to wait"), and the difficulty of finding one's way about the ship ("I feel like Ariadne in the labyrinth" said a London matron). Though food and service may improve as the crew settles into routine, the ship's eventual profitability remains a large question mark. "The trouble," said a steward, "is that Cunard hasn't made up their minds whether they want a ship or a bloody hotel."

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THE LAW

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

Damning Blasphemy

At a high school carnival in Westminster, Md., one evening last year, Irving West, a truck driver just out of the Army, got into a fight. When a local policeman seized him, West snapped: "Get your goddam hands off me." Next day Magistrate Charles J. Simpson sentenced West to 30 days in jail and a \$25 fine for disorderly conduct. That came as no surprise, but the 20-year-old veteran was totally unprepared for what followed. He was hit with an additional 30-day sentence and another \$25 fine for violation of Maryland's 320-year-old blasphemy law. West, the magistrate ruled, "did unlawfully use profanity by taking the Lord's name in vain in a public place."

Unusual as it was, the case was by no means unprecedented. The same magistrate, who had become aware of the blasphemy statute only a few months earlier, had already fined at least three other men on similar charges. Supported by the American Civil Liberties Union, West decided to appeal. On the basis of his arguments, Circuit Court Judge Edward Weant Jr. has now ruled that Maryland's law is unconstitutional because it violates the free-speech and establishment-of-religion clauses of the First Amendment.

The Maryland statute provides for a maximum of six months and \$100 "if any person, by writing or speaking, shall blaspheme or curse God, or shall write or utter any profane words of and concerning our Saviour Jesus Christ, or of

and concerning the Trinity, or any of the persons thereof." Similar statutes exist in half the states in the U.S. Most of them can be traced back to England and the 17th century, when penalties were harsh. In an early Maryland version of the law, first offenders had a hole bored through their tongues with a hot iron, second-timers had a "B" branded into their foreheads and anyone foolhardy enough to be caught the third time suffered death without benefit of clergy. The Maryland legislature had an opportunity to do away with the current, milder version as recently as 1953, when it repealed a companion section on cursing (penalty: 25¢ for the first word, 50¢ for every word thereafter). But the lawmakers left the blasphemy portion intact.

Arguing in favor of the statute, the state contended that blasphemy is no longer religious in nature but is a violation of decency in a secular sense. Judge Weant was not swayed. Secular or not, Weant said, the law violated the right to free speech. Nor did blasphemy seem to him to be merely secular when most authorities "tacitly admit that it is a crime only because it occurs in a land where the Christian religion is prevalent." In light of recent Supreme Court decisions, Weant concluded that "any law, including blasphemy, which seeks to protect any form of religion, much less Christianity," is now impossible to uphold.

INJUNCTIONS

New Weapon on Campus

When Columbia University's beleaguered officials resorted to a court injunction last month to clear the admissions office of student demonstrators, college administrators around the U.S. took notice. "The university has finally come up with a very effective—and invidious—device," said William Kunstler, a lawyer for the students. At least a dozen schools wrote to Columbia for details. "From the university's point of view, the technique is perfect," said I. D. Nachman, a political theorist at the City University of New York. "It will work. It really will work."

To be sure, students at several schools who had defied all previous attempts to persuade them to abandon seized buildings meekly came out when served with court writs. As angry demonstrations continued at universities across the country last week, however, it became clear that court orders have mixed results. At City College in Manhattan, black and Puerto Rican students did obey an injunction, evacuating property that they had occupied for 13 days, but savage fighting later broke out on campus between whites and club-wielding blacks and Puerto Ricans (see EDUCATION). At Howard and Dartmouth universities, radicals barricaded in school buildings



LEAVING COLUMBIA AFTER INJUNCTION
Evidence of the power in the resentment.

ignored similar court orders. Federal marshals smoked out the Howard students with tear gas. Those at Dartmouth were cleared by state troopers. Without any of the usual judicial delay, nearly all of the Dartmouth demonstrators were declared in contempt of court and jailed for 30 days.

Removing the Onus. The court injunction has become about the best legal weapon available to the universities. Within the past few months, it has worked not only at Columbia, but also at the University of Buffalo, Stanford and other schools. The governing body of the university, most often the board of trustees, obtains the court order. The writ usually covers both the demonstrators and opposing groups that might cause trouble. It restrains all persons from taking over buildings or causing other disruption.

One advantage of such orders is that they can bring students to justice much faster than if the university goes through the sometimes interminable process of disciplining them itself, or has them arrested for trespassing. If the students disobey the order, they may be tried on contempt-of-court charges within a matter of days. The judge who issues the writ may also hear the charges, and the accused often has no right to a jury. If convicted, students may be sent to jail and fined. If they repeatedly defy the court order, they may be cited for contempt any number of times.

More important, the injunction removes some of the onus of police action from the university. According to Sociologist Daniel Bell, the university that seeks such an order says: "These are our rules. We want you to take over and enforce them for us because we are, in effect, incapable of doing so." The universities are naturally reluctant to make their campuses wards



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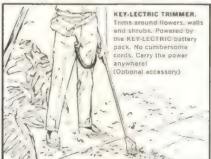
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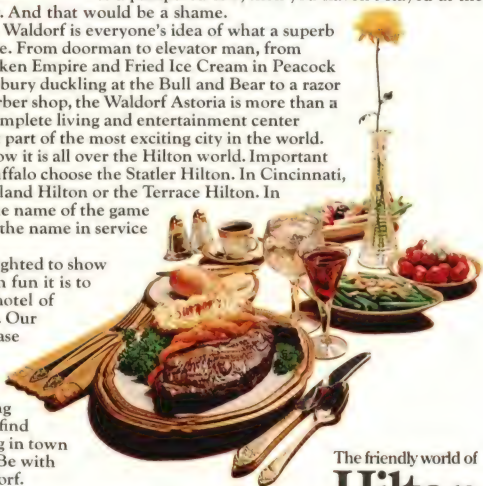
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of the court, but they are well aware that the judges have greater experience at law enforcement, and have the further advantage of not being directly involved in the conflict between students and the university.

Parallel Anger. Some student leaders hope to turn the weapon against their adversaries. Warning that the injunction can be a "two-edged sword," Phil Ryan, a student at Howard Law School, says: "Some of us are thinking of enjoining the use of police on campus." At Stanford, students are challenging the injunction in court because they were given no notice of the action to be taken against them. They may well have a case. In a recent decision, the Supreme Court held a similar proceeding invalid.

The students' resentment over the court orders parallels that felt in the early 1900s by labor leaders, who were repeatedly stymied by management's use of the injunction to halt strikes. In 1932, Congress finally came to labor's aid with the Norris-LaGuardia Act, which prohibited federal courts from issuing an injunction to stop peaceful, non-disruptive strikes.*

What makes an injunction effective? A few clues are provided by the recent evacuation of two Columbia buildings by the most radical wing of the S.D.S. A leader of the demonstrators reports that when a judge issued arrest warrants against the students under the injunction, they were seized with "a general sense of panic." They feared that defying the court could result in police records that might plague them for the rest of their lives. Most of the students hastily withdrew, shielding their faces from photographers.

Symbol of Order. Many school administrators and faculty members concede that the injunction alone will not solve unrest on the campus. "I don't believe that a writ is a magic talisman that will ward off all devils," says Columbia Historian Walter Metzger, a specialist on academic freedom. "There has got to be some imagination and a very sophisticated armory of responses, including negotiation and dialogue." Law Professor Gerald Gunther of Stanford argues that it is better to bring the courts into campus confrontations than to summon police in the first instance. "I believe that there may be greater respect for the court as a symbol of law and order than for the police or university administrators," says Gunther. He notes that Stanford sought aid from the police and the courts only after the university had "exhausted internal judicial processes." Despite the limitations of the injunction, university administrators may turn to it more and more, not just as a last resort but as a means of preventing disruptions from getting out of hand.

* Public employees, who have never enjoyed the right to strike, may still be enjoined from doing so. As in the case of the striking New York teachers last year, however, they often ignore the order.

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SCIENCE

SPACE

Dress Rehearsal

Though barely two months have elapsed since the successful flight of Apollo 9, the U.S. is poised for yet another space epic. At Cape Kennedy last week, a giant Saturn 5 stood on Pad 39B, and an astronaut crew and NASA technicians methodically ran through a mock countdown in preparation for the launch of Apollo 10 on May 18.

The forthcoming eight-day mission is a dress rehearsal for July's lunar landing attempt. It is easily the most complex and ambitious flight yet scheduled for the U.S. manned space program. Astronauts Thomas Stafford, Eugene Cernan and John Young will spend 61 hours and 35 minutes in lunar orbit, three times longer than the Apollo 8 astronauts. Stafford and Cernan will separate the lunar module from the command module and fly it for the first time in the lunar environment, some 240,000 miles from home. During the LM's solo flight, it will descend from the command module's orbiting altitude of 69 miles to a height of only 50,000 ft. above the moon, the closest that man has been to the lunar surface.

Spotlight on Snoopy. Then why not go all the way with Apollo 10? George Low, manager of the Apollo spacecraft program, explains that all Apollo systems have not been tested together in the vicinity of the moon. There has been no rendezvous in lunar orbit, no testing of the LM's landing radar or of the entire communications system at lunar distances. In addition, NASA scientists are recalculating trajectories and orbital paths to take into account irregularities in the lunar gravitational field that caused Apollo 8 to stray from

its course. "We looked at all these things," says Low, "and we decided that we had to fly once more before we take the big step of landing on the moon."

Even without a landing, the flight of Apollo 10 promises to have spectator appeal. Command Pilot Stafford openly lobbied for the installation of a color TV camera aboard the spacecraft and finally won approval. "A color shot of the spidery LM patched gold and black against a background of the gray, cratered moon would be fantastic," he says. Eleven 15-minute telecasts have already been scheduled for the flight.

There will be other innovations. In line with NASA's new policy of allowing frivolous radio call names for spacecraft, the Apollo 10 crew has decided to call the command module "Charlie Brown" and the lunar module "Snoopy," after the characters in the Charles Schulz comic strip.

All three astronauts seem voluble and anxious to describe their forthcoming adventure as it unfolds. "We can't show you television from 50,000 ft. above the moon because we don't have it on the LM," says Cernan. "But we certainly hope to share the view through words and tell you what it really looks like." It may be only a dress rehearsal, but Apollo 10 promises to monopolize the attention of a worldwide audience from its liftoff in Florida to its splash-down off Samoa in the Pacific.

Lowering the Guard Against the Invaders

Despite the hostile environment of the lunar surface, scientists cannot fully discount the possibility that living organisms exist on the moon. To guard against the possibility that potentially dangerous bugs will hitch a ride back to earth, NASA long ago devised a costly system to quarantine astronauts returning from the moon until it could be determined that they were not harboring alien diseases. Now, to the concern of some scientists, NASA has lowered its guard against a possible invasion by lunar organisms.

The original plans called for Apollo 11 astronauts to remain sealed inside their spacecraft until it was lifted to the deck of the recovery carrier. There, they would walk through a plastic tunnel running from the hatch of the spacecraft into a hermetically sealed van on the carrier deck. Following a similar transfer from the van to Houston's sealed Lunar Receiving Laboratory (TIME, Dec. 29, 1967), the astronauts were to continue under strict quarantine for a total of 21 days. Recently, however, NASA officials began to have second thoughts about the discomforts the astronauts would endure if they were confined too long in a hot spacecraft buffeted by ocean waves. They also were concerned about the possible risks involved in eas-

ing a massive aircraft carrier alongside the bobbing Apollo 11.

Deciding to trade one risk for another, NASA, without fanfare, changed its recovery plan. While Apollo 11 is still in the ocean, the hatch will be opened. As the astronauts emerge and climb aboard an attached raft, each will slip into a "biological isolation garment" brought along by a frogman who will be similarly outfitted. The suit is equipped with a filter that should block any organisms that the astronauts exhale. After a helicopter ride to the carrier deck, they will enter the van and follow the original quarantine plans.

There is an obvious flaw in the new procedure. If the astronauts and the Apollo craft are indeed harboring alien organisms, the bugs could escape into the air when the hatch is opened, or be washed into the ocean while the astronauts are donning their biological suits. If the organisms are fond of oxygen or nitrogen—or thrive in salt water—they could begin to spread and multiply. Most scientists agree that the chances of life on the moon are remote, and some believe that any moon organisms would have reached the earth long ago on particles ejected from the moon during meteor impacts. If they are wrong, however, and Apollo 11 returns to earth with unexpected visitors, NASA's revised plans may well be inadequate to cope with them.

ARCHAEOLOGY

Hazor's Hidden Resource

A thousand years before Moses, a mighty city rose near what is now the city of Safad in northern Israel. Its name was Hazor (pronounced *Hah-sor*) and the Old Testament called it "head of all those kingdoms" of Canaan, the Israelites' Promised Land. Since archaeologists located the site of

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When you survive an accident, you'd also like to be allowed to survive the aid of your rescuers. But last year 20,000 people only made it over the first hurdle. The second was too much for them. They became victims of double jeopardy.

They died (and another 25,000 were permanently disabled) because they were lifted when they should have been left alone; or because they weren't treated for shock, didn't get enough oxygen, or ran out of blood on the way to the hospital.

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Hazor in 1875, they have uncovered 45-ft.-high walls, huge granaries, temples, citadels and cemeteries. But a basic question remained unanswered. Where were the waterworks capable of supporting such a metropolis in the arid Holy Land? The puzzle has now been solved by Archaeologist Yigael Yadin, a former chief of staff of the Israeli army. He has discovered a water system as impressive as the city itself.

Hands to the Sun. Yadin's earlier Hazor excavations, between 1955 and 1958, uncovered most of the known facts about the 22 successive cities that were built on the site from the third millennium until 200 B.C. Egyptians, Israelites, Aramaeans, Assyrians, Babylonians and Persians in turn laid siege to the city and built Hazor's fortifications anew. On various levels of the tell (an archaeological mound), Yadin has unearthed the remains of Solomon's mighty city gates, three separate Canaanite temples, basalt slabs engraved with hands praying to the sun, and an Israelite temple similar to Solomon's but built 300 years before his time. From the ruins, Yadin was able to establish the date of Joshua's conquest of Canaan as the late 13th century B.C. At one level, a thick layer of ash provided grisly evidence that Assyrian King Tiglath-pileser III had put Hazor to the torch in 732 B.C.

Yadin knew that ancient engineers dug deep tunnels under city walls to nearby springs. Once the source had been tapped and its waters brought underground into the city, the municipal water supply could not be cut off by besieging armies. When he surveyed the Hazor tell last fall, Yadin saw at its foot a network of seeping springs. Above them, atop the tell, was a large, shallow depression. Sure that the springs and the depression were related, Yadin put 160 diggers to work sinking test holes.

Sealed Tunnel. After probing for three months, the diggers struck a rectangular masonry shaft that began at the city level of Ahab's time (about 850 B.C.) and dropped past the debris of 13 older cities. As Yadin was removing rubble near the bottom of the shaft, "a rush of hot air hit me in the face." He had uncovered a 12-ft.-high tunnel that had been sealed since Biblical times. At its other end, 100 ft. away, Yadin saw water sparkling in the torchlights. Instead of depending on springs, Ahab's engineers had dug deep to tap the natural ground water reservoir. The stonework shaft's 10-ft.-wide stairways sloped gently down to the tunnel mouth and were roomy enough, Yadin believes, to accommodate two columns of donkeys—one carrying water jars up from the bottom, the other returning with empty jars.

Yadin plans to clear out the shaft, install guard railings on the stairway and restore the entire waterworks system. "We will not need the water for siege periods," says the soldier-archaeologist confidently, "but it will come in handy for tourists and visitors."



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THE THEATER

NEW PLAYS

Bar Stool in a Black Hell

Here is a black panther of a play. *No Place to Be Somebody* stalks the off-Broadway stage as if it were an urban jungle, snarling and clawing with uninhibited fury at the contemporary fabric of black-white and black-black relationships.

The milieu is virtually the message, and Playwright Charles Gordone knows it like the back of his hand. The setting is a small West Village bar. If one imagines a corrosively militant Saroyan writing a play called *The Time of Your Death*, the atmospherics of the place will be grasped immediately. But "Johnny's Bar" is no oasis for gentle day-

RONALD J. PERKINS



GEORGE & JONES IN "NO PLACE"
Truth, with thunder and laughter.

dreamers. It is a foxhole of the color war—full of venomous nightmares, thwarted aspirations and trigger-quick tempers, a place where the napalm of hurt has seared each man's skin. The jukebox rumbles with hard rock; a dope-addled white simp serves drinks when he is not rattling drumsticks along the bar in a syncope frenzy.

Charley Fever. This hell away from hell is run by Johnny Williams (Nathan George), a black pimp who is as cold and dangerous as a switchblade. His whores saunter in and out between tricks, and the white one loves him. Johnny wants to challenge the Mafia, which is crimping his style, by assembling a "Black Mafia" to rule his own turf. An ex-con father figure who has gone straight (Walter Jones) warns Johnny that he has contracted "Charley fever"—that is, trying to beat the white man at his own game. The fever inevitably proves fatal, and finally the stage is as



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loaded with corpses as the bloodiest Elizabethan tragedy.

The mechanics of melodrama infest the story to its detriment. The tough white whore (Susan G. Pearson) commits suicide offstage out of unrequited love for Johnny, an event that is distinctly implausible. At times the play meanders without a visible sense of direction. Despite such flaws, the drama ticks with menace and, for such an abrasive subject, is unexpectedly and explosively funny. Gordone has expertly oiled the sly and sassy tongues by which black puts down his fellow black, and the cast's phrasing of these expletives is impeccable.

If the characters are not quite solidly realized, their sentiments most emphatically are. A frustrated actor (Ron O'Neal), who is light enough to cross the color line but not dark enough to be hired as a token Negro in a Broadway show, delivers a bravura monologue on what whites expect of blacks that is hilarious, yet drenched in the acid insights of a people inured to pain. Gordone is too honest to lie about a bright brotherly tomorrow, but in thunder and in laughter he tells the racial truth about today.

REPERTORY

Money, Money, Money

Whatever the hero's flaw, great tragedy holds a mirror up to man's virtues. It girds playgoers with borrowed strength by showing how man may bear the unbearable. Great comedy, on the other hand, holds a mirror up to man's follies and vices. Where tragedy argues that man is a marvel, comedy insists that he is a fool. Tragedy elevates; comedy deflates.

When a tragic hero is blinded, he assumes the grandeur of Oedipus; when a comic hero is blinded, he becomes as ludicrous as a mole. Molière, the most serious writer of comedy who ever lived, took just such a blind mole and made him the mock hero of *The Miser*. Harpagon (Robert Symonds) has a singular obsession—money. Like most obsessions, it is not magnificent but malignant. It allows the great 17th century French dramatist to make a central moral point—that a sin is called deadly because it deadens. Harpagon is blind to his children's hope of love, blind to his servants' grievances, and hopelessly blind to any generous stirrings of mind or heart.

Robert Symonds brings this miserable creature to robustious life in his best performance yet with the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater. Although he is always an actorish actor, his tendency to overplay is precisely right for this petty monster of farce. Skittering about like a bespectacled magpie, Symonds' Harpagon is a sprite of the cashbox, an imp of interest rates, a tooth-clacking, raggedy-cloaked, stringy-haired witch of usury. To see him is a pleasure. To see him undone is a delight.



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ART

Pervasive Excitement for the Eye and Mind

TO future art historians, the Rockefeller's of Manhattan may well rank with the Medicis of Florence as patrons of the best artists of their age. In most respects, Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller stands as the Cosimo of the dynasty, by all odds the most lavish and most outspoken proselytizer, the most passionately concerned collector and patron in the family.

Actually, the interest began with Mother, whom the Rockefeller sons have always talked of in capital letters. Abby Aldrich Rockefeller was a woman of powerful prejudices, and most of them were good. She collected Indian art before many people thought it worth collecting, ventured into Greenwich Village to see the works of struggling young artists and in 1929 was a founder of the Museum of Modern Art. Nelson was the second son of her five (John D. is older, and Laurence, Winthrop and David are younger), but he was the most responsive to her artistic instincts. As a boy, he conceived a fancy for a 6th century Chinese Bodhisattva and begged her to leave it to him in her will. While a Dartmouth freshman, he tagged along on one of her regular tours of Manhattan galleries and decided that he would start "a tiny bit of collecting"

of contemporary art. In his early 20s he toured the world, picking up curios in Polynesia, pottery in Mexico, carvings in Indonesia.

Charming Examples. Today Nelson Rockefeller's holdings are so vast and his tastes so far-ranging that this month three Manhattan museums will be devoting much of their special display space to parts of his collections—which still puts no pressure on his reserves, or even denudes his private walls. A Kline may have had to be substituted for a Pollock here and there, but a rotation of pictures is often rewarding, as every housewife knows. For art lovers, the result is an unprecedented look at many treasures that have heretofore been visible only to friends dining at the Fifth Avenue apartment or visiting the family estate in Pocantico Hills.

The Metropolitan Museum put on display 1,000 wondrously carved headdresses, fetishes, stools, ancestor poles and soul ships—and other primitive sculptures—from Africa, Oceania and the Americas. All were on loan from the Museum of Primitive Art, which Rockefeller founded in 1957 and endowed with his collection. Since then, the museum has been expanded considerably, most notably by the Asmat carvings col-

lected by Nelson's son Michael before he was lost off the coast of New Guinea in 1961. This week it puts on view 700 charming Mexican folk toys and figurines, festival masks and terra-cotta ewers that reflect Rockefeller's continuing interest and many southward junkets. The exhibit's gaiety derives in part, as Rockefeller notes in the catalogue's introduction, from the fact that Mexican folk art is "an ongoing tradition, bound up with everyday life and festivals, producing a pervasive, ever-present excitement for the eye and mind."

Next week the Museum of Modern Art unveils the most engrossing display of all: more than 175 examples from Nelson Rockefeller's unparalleled collection of 1,500 modern paintings and sculptures. It is almost impossible to assess such an exhibition. It begins with landmark works of Picasso, Miró, Matisse, Mondrian, Moore, Maillol and just about every famous name from the first half of the 20th century. But Rockefeller's tastes have not stagnated or calcified. Particularly in sculpture, he has cheerfully moved on to buy many younger minimal artists. Among his newest purchases are the 114-ft.-tall white *Granny's Knot* of The Netherlands' Shinkichi Tajiri and Clement Meadmore's upswinging 14-ft. *U Turn*.

Letter-Day Midos. If there is one characteristic that dominates Rockefeller's selections in the three exhibitions, it is strength of form. Significance or meaning are secondary to Rockefeller.

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART



Congolese Songe Stool

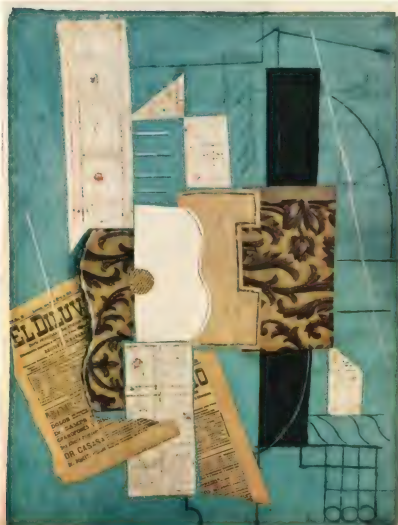
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CLASSICS

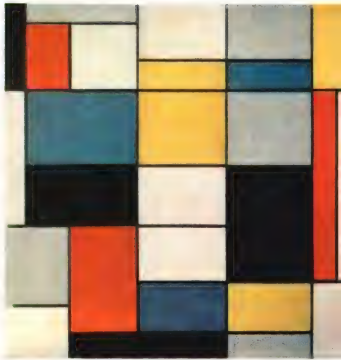
Masayuki Nagare's
"Jubilee" (1965)



Pablo Picasso's
"Guitar" (1913)



Henri Matisse's "Italian Woman" (1915)



Piet Mondrian's "Large Composition A" (1919)

Joan Miró's "Hirondelle Amour" (1934)





Giorgio de Chirico's "Song of Love" (1914)



Aristide Maillol's "Chained Action" (1906)

"My enjoyment of art," he says, "is more an esthetic than an intellectual reaction." This leads him to favor Cubists over Surrealists, color-field painters over pop. Yet he is not doctrinaire about his preferences for schools, and his collection includes George Segal and Giorgio de Chirico's *Song of Love*.

As Governor of New York, Rockefeller has little time to browse through galleries. Instead, he operates like a latter-day Midas. He looks through catalogues, marks what catches his eye. "If it's in New York, they send it up overnight, or on the weekends," he explains. "I just check what I want." On almost any day, a visitor is apt to find a new painting propped against one of the walls of the underground gallery (ending in a grotto) that his grandfather built in Pocantico, while the Governor gives it his consideration. He spends days selecting sites for new pieces of sculpture to be placed on the rambling grounds. His wife Happy is admittedly a neophyte, but she is more and more an enthusiast with a growing personal taste of her own. "If I like something, he'll get it," she says.

Welcome Advice. Rockefeller modestly does not refer to himself as an art expert but as an art lover. He points out proudly that, under his urging, New York was the first state to set up an arts council. He loves to conduct bemused state legislators through the executive mansion past Calder's, Picasso tapestries and Klees, pointing out their hidden beauties. "They have recognized that art is not a liability from a political point of view," he says with delight. In fact, the legislators have voted to open the capitol's corridors to exhibits of artists from different areas. Rockefeller is proudest of the part played by the Museum of Modern Art, for which he has twice served terms as president. The Modern's great achievement, he feels, has been "to cut down the time between creation and appreciation, so that a Van Gogh didn't have to die in poverty before his work was appreciated."

Rockefeller has always sought and welcomed advice from associates at the Modern. The person on whom he most relied was the late René d'Harnoncourt, the museum's former director and a vice president of the Museum of Primitive Art, who was killed in an auto accident last summer. Rockefeller met the courtly d'Harnoncourt, an extraordinarily knowledgeable specialist on primitive art, in the late 1930s. Together, they built Rockefeller's collection into one of the finest in the world. In 1949, he became director of the Modern, demonstrating a flair for showmanship, fundraising and that mysterious ability that knits an organization together.

Last week, at the opening of the exhibition of primitive sculpture at the Metropolitan, Rockefeller announced that Director Thomas P. F. Hoving had agreed to merge the Museum of Primitive Art into the Met. Subject to ratification by both sets of trustees, the

collection will be housed in a new wing to be built into the south end of the museum. To Rockefeller, the merger fulfilled an ambition that he had cherished since the 1930s. Then, as a youthful trustee of the Met, he had tried to interest its director in starting such a collection on the ground that its esthetic beauty was as great as that of more classical sculpture. "René d'Harnoncourt and I shared this hope, this thought, this dream," said Rockefeller. "I am pleased that it has been realized."

MUSEUMS

Departure at the Modern

D'Harnoncourt's dream for the Museum of Primitive Art may have been realized last week, but the successor he groomed as director of the Museum of Modern Art was in trouble. A terse announcement from the museum said that Bates Lowry, 43, had "resigned for personal reasons." Actually, the reasons were not so much personal as mysterious. One put forth by knowledgeable observers was that President William S. Paley had demanded Lowry's resignation because he felt that Lowry had shown insufficient interest in raising funds. That was hardly enough to fire a man outright. An additional motive seemed necessary. The likely one would be that Lowry, who was somewhat brash and arrogant in manner, had managed to antagonize either an influential senior curator or official, or some trustees, or a combination of all three. Perhaps some petty incident triggered the downfall, some minor outrage in a sculpture gallery or hall.

Carrying On. As far as the younger members of the staff were concerned, Lowry's ten months in office had been most salutary. He had reorganized the staff and started a Wednesday meeting session at which heads of departments could hash out their problems. He had promoted an ambitious acquisition program, whose most notable purchase was 47 paintings from the Gertrude Stein collection for \$6,500,000. He had hired enterprising young associate curators to put the maturing Modern in touch once again with the artistic underground. Most of the staff thought it a shame that Lowry had to leave almost before he had moved his furniture into the modest co-op on Park Avenue that the museum had obtained for him—even though, contrary to rumors, he had been entertaining staffers, trustees and visiting museum officials there by the score.

The trustees promised that the venturesome building and exhibition program on which Lowry had embarked would be carried on, and the younger curators could only hope that they meant it. It would be unfortunate indeed to have the nation's first and finest museum of contemporary enterprise become what some restless hippies branded it in jest shortly before Lowry took over: the mausoleum of modern art.



Guerrero Dance Mask

MEXICAN FOLK ART

Oxaca Water Cooler



RELIGION

CHURCHES

A Black Manifesto

The message was brutally harsh: "Fifteen dollars per nigger." In these words, a newly formed National Black Economic Development Conference last month demanded that "white Christian churches and Jewish synagogues" pay \$500 million in "reparations" to U.S. Negroes or face the possibility of disruption of church operations and seizure of church facilities. Last week conference speaker James Forman, one-time executive director of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee, disrupted a Sunday Communion service at Manhattan's Riverside Church to demand, among other things, that the church, located on the edge of Harlem, turn over 60% of its investment income to the conference. Two days later Forman posted the conference's "Black Manifesto" on the door of the headquarters of the Lutheran Church in America; the Lutherans' share of the reparations bill, he said, was \$50 million. Finally, he appeared at the New York Archdiocesan chancery to demand \$200,000,000 from U.S. Roman Catholics.

Ironically, this blunt demand on the churches originated from a well-intentioned effort by a liberal interfaith group to draw out black ideas for the economic betterment of urban ghettos. The Interreligious Foundation for Community Organization (IFCO), which includes 23 Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, Negro and Mexican-American groups, organized the National Black Economic Development Conference to bring black

leaders together for discussions and action on the economic aspects of Black Power. The result was not what IFCO had expected. Forman took over a meeting of the conference in Detroit and called for an end to the capitalistic system in the U.S. Then he pushed through a "Black Manifesto," which passed 187 to 63, with many abstentions.

The manifesto itself was less sweeping than Forman's revolutionary introduction. It did demand half a billion dollars from U.S. churches and synagogues as reparations for their role in supporting the "exploitation" of the American Negro. But most of the money was earmarked for such plausible projects as a Southern land bank to aid dispossessed Negro farmers and a new black university in the South.

Many church leaders nevertheless recoiled both at the tone of the document (it mentioned "armed struggle" if necessary) and at Forman's aggressive tactics in publicizing it. A few were ready to accept New York Mayor John Lindsay's offer of police protection for houses of worship. Others were obviously moved by the manifesto's charge that Negroes had been "kept in bondage and political servitude and forced to work as slaves by the military machinery and the Christian church working hand in hand." By week's end the General Board of the National Council of Churches had recorded its "deep appreciation" to Forman and avowed that it "shares the aspirations of the black people of this country." As for the people who started it all, the Board of Directors of IFCO voted to solicit \$270,000 from its members for further activities by the Black Economic Conference.

ROMAN CATHOLICS

The Cardinal and the Lepers

A major event in the grim routine of the leprosy at Nyampong in Cameroon is a visit by a tall, burly priest in a limp white cassock. As he approaches the swampy hamlet, with its hospital, schools and workshops, the lepers come out of their huts to greet him: in wheelchairs, on crutches, on their knees. Some have only stumps in place of hands and feet; others are completely covered with ugly open sores. Smiling gravely, the priest greets them all, clasping some to his breast, kissing others, lifting the children high in the air until they giggle with delight. Thus begins a day in the life of Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger, 65, prince of the Roman Catholic Church, confidant of three Popes and 14 years the Archbishop of Montreal.

Seventeen months ago, Léger, an urbane and scholarly prelate who was among the leaders of the progressives at the Second Vatican Council, gave up his see to work as a missionary in Africa (although he retained his personal title of Cardinal and can vote in papal elections). In a rare interview, he talked about his



LÉGER & FRIEND
Nothing but faith.

austere life to TIME Correspondent James Wilde. "I am alone here," he said, "completely dependent on others, trying to make them all forget what I am. Yes, I am alone, and many people are slightly afraid of me. I don't belong to any specific religious community. I have no real home. I have nothing. But I have great faith in the divine structure of the church, and I want to be just a priest in Africa. And if, despite my wishes, my presence here seems extraordinary to the outside world, then I want to profit from this to help the people here."

Léger first thought of working in Africa in 1960, when he came across a newspaper story about conditions of life in the leper colonies. Three years later, between sessions of Vatican II, he spent a month touring the continent. "Africa was a revelation to me," he recalled. "All those crowds, all those children. I was moved to think of the words of Christ. 'You must love each other as I love my Father and as I am loved by my Father.'" Four years later, during the Synod of Bishops in Rome, Léger kept thinking about how the church could testify to the presence of God in a world "divided between haves and have-nots." After three weeks of prayer, he asked for, and was given, Pope Paul's reluctant permission to go to Africa.

Outrunking Diplomats. Unfortunately, Léger's dramatic gesture has not worked out quite as well as might have been expected. Although he originally lived full-time at the leprosy, Léger now maintains a modest home at Nsimalen, 70 miles away, and his visits to the hospital are less frequent than they used to be. That may be just as well. "His Eminence says prayers for the lepers," dryly notes the prelate responsible for Nyampong, French-born Bishop André Loucheur of Mbam. "He conducts services—and says Mass. But he doesn't do anything medical. The lepers don't really understand what he is, or was."

In fact, some clerics in the diocese openly wonder why Léger bothered to come. The well-staffed leprosy was founded by Bishop Loucheur and Sister Françoise Romaine 15 years ago, and



FORMAN AT RIVERSIDE CHURCH
Not quite what was expected.

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The Outlook for Home Mortgage Money: Where will it come from?

by **Arthur Courshon**, President
National League of Insured
Savings Associations

For more than a century, Savings and Loan Associations have specialized in helping American families buy homes. In 1969 our institutions, already the nation's biggest home mortgage lenders, will meet an even larger share of the nation's home-financing needs.

As interest rates moved up again in 1968 and early 1969, other financial institutions have reduced their investments in the mortgage market in search of higher investment yields elsewhere. Despite tighter money, concern over inflation, and the uncertainties clouding the economic horizon, Savings and Loans were able to supply an increasing part of the market normally served by other lenders. We are optimistic that we can do the same job again for the balance of this year.

The outlook for housing in 1969 hinges largely on current efforts to stem the tide of inflation. If these efforts have a reasonable success in the first six months, the housing outlook in the second half of 1969 will improve materially. The recent increases in the discount rate and the prime rate could have ushered in another lengthy period of tight money. The demand for housing is strong in most areas of the country. The big question is whether the supply of mortgage credit will be adequate; and this, in turn, largely depends on the savings flow into Savings and Loan Associations. The outlook is far more encouraging than in 1966, when interest rates rose so dramatically and created a mortgage money draught that brought real estate activity to a virtual standstill.

Assuming the new administration takes the steps to contain inflation as it has pledged, you could see some abatement of the inflation fever which has caused the current strains in the economy and in the financial markets.

As conditions ease in the credit and capital markets, savings growth will increase and Savings and Loan Associations should have the resources necessary to maintain a relatively high rate of lending.

An important consideration in the supply of mortgage money is loan repay-



ments. During 1968, loan repayments (payments on mortgages, payoffs on mortgages due to re-financing, etc.) amounted to \$12.6 billion, the same as 1967, which was an exceptionally good year in Savings and Loan history.

An additional source of mortgage credit is the increase in savings capital placed in Savings and Loan Associations. Our savings balances rose by \$7.40 billion in 1968, which is a sharp recovery from the \$3.62 billion in the tight money year of 1966.

A variety of factors is working against a repetition of the 1966 "tight money crunch." The nation's money managers learned then that home-buyers are in no position to bid for funds against mammoth corporations; subsequent government policies have been more cognizant of the mortgage market. Savings Associations are generally paying higher dividend rates than three years ago. We also are armed with a more flexible financial position, with greater cash and government security holdings.

The availability of mortgage money will also be affected by demand. Last year our institutions made about \$22.0 billion in new loans, up considerably from the \$16.9 billion in 1966, though far short of record volume. We expect to exceed the 1968 lending volume this year.

Savings and Loan Associations are facing up to their 1969 responsibilities with enthusiasm and confidence because, as it has been from the beginning, providing home financing is uniquely our job. We hope these efforts will enable hundreds of thousands of families to build or buy better homes this year.

now treats 3,000 patients at four clinics. Loucheur has also built a cathedral, numerous schools and 186 miles of roads, and has baptized 43,000 Africans. Léger's position is also ambiguous in the Cameroon capital of Yaounde, where he poses a protocol problem. "As a Cardinal," explains one official, "he outranks every diplomat in the country."

These days, Léger spends most of his time traveling through Cameroon to preside at confirmation ceremonies. He is also laying plans for a new center for all kinds of handicapped Africans. This fall, Léger will return briefly to Montreal to receive Canada's \$50,000 Royal Bank Award for humanitarian achievement. Léger has earmarked the money for his center, for which he hopes to raise an additional \$1,000,000 in Canada. He regards the center as a kind of *beau geste* that will inspire others to help Africa help itself. "I have always believed in symbolic action," says Léger. "One man cannot accomplish everything, but by symbolic action he can incite others to do things."

The Saints Go Marching Out

Not since Pope Paul's birth-control encyclical has a Vatican announcement caused more fuss. A new universal liturgical calendar issued by the Vatican last week dropped or downgraded more than 200 saints—among them such popular figures as St. Christopher, St. Valentine, St. Nicholas, St. George and St. Patrick. Christopher—the giant of a man who, according to legend, earned his way to heaven by carrying the Child Jesus across a raging stream and thus became the patron saint of travelers—met a most ignominious fate. Though his image, emblazoned on medals, statuettes and key rings, has traveled literally billions of miles with Catholics, Protestants, Jews and even agnostics, he was one of 46 saints who were dropped from the calendar because there is no proof that they ever existed. Though they are still considered saints, the hierarchy can no longer officially require observance of their former feast days.

Other saints—like the Roman martyr Valentine, Bishop Nicholas of Myra (the original Santa Claus), England's patron St. George and Ireland's redoubtable St. Patrick—may still have mandatory feast days on national calendars but are now "optional" on the universal church calendar. Now mandatory on this worldwide calendar, however, are the feasts of such pointedly non-Caucasian saints as Paul Miki of Japan and the Martyrs of Uganda.

Indignant Catholics in many countries responded so angrily to the announcement that the Vatican *L'Osservatore Romano* called it all an "incredible misunderstanding" and assured the faithful that even the doubtful saints could still be venerated locally or privately. Actress Gina Lollobrigida made her own point by buying a new St. Christopher statuette for her Rolls-Royce and posing with it in St. Peter's Square.

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TELEVISION

NEWSCASTERS

\$100,000 Anchorman

Last week, just 16 hours after he retired as chief of the Los Angeles police department, Tom Reddin ran a Norelco over his afternoon stubble, popped in his contact lenses, tucked a microphone into the front of his gold shirt and took over as evening news anchorman of station KTLA-TV.

He asked the audience to "bear with me while I falter and stumble at times," then talked his way into the lead item. Like most of the rest of the 60-minute program, it was about his arrival at KTLA. He ran footage of tributes from HEW Secretary Robert Finch, Senator George Murphy ("Tom is the only real threat to John Wayne") and Mayor Sam Yorty ("We didn't want to lose him"). He traded compliments with KTLA Sportscaster Tom Harmon.

Finally, he worked his way into an awkward five-minute overview of the world that he had been writing for three days. It positioned him somewhat to the right of his reputation as a liberal policeman but slightly to the left of the conservative attitude maintained by the station's majority stockholder, Gene Autry. Reddin's prime target was the dissidents: "I am fed up with the militant, regardless of color or political persuasion, who is constantly on the attack. The promoters of urban guerrilla warfare are as much the enemy of our society as the soldier on a foreign battlefield."

Electronic Addiction. At the end of the premiere, Station Manager Doug Finley found Rookie Reddin "so good" that he cried ("Well, maybe not cried, but I certainly lumped up"). Reddin was more straight-shooting. Before the show he had quipped: "I believe each man should start at the top of his chosen profession." Afterwards he said, "You know, it's not as easy as it looks." Despite two weeks of video-taped dry runs, he did not transmit the Cronkite-like "casualness" that he had promised. His normally easy Irish smile switched on when it should have been turned off, and during his patriotic peroration his thin, reedy voice cracked like the Liberty Bell.

But on opening night at least, KTLA got what it was paying \$100,000 a year for: a fourfold increase in the ratings. In a town addicted to electronic news (the supper-hour local report runs two hours on one station), KTLA had fallen into fifth place after a rival station wooed away its top announcer, George Putnam, an archconservative who never fails to put America first. The salary that won George was \$300,000 (Walter Cronkite earns something over \$200,000). Even if Reddin does not improve over his shaky shakedown, he has an escalator contract guaranteeing him \$150,000 a year within five years.



McKuen

Killing them all with a croak.

ENTERTAINERS

The Loner

Nearly everyone has heard of Rod McKuen; he has written 900 songs that have been recorded by other people and sold more than 50 million records; his three books of poetry have sold more than a million copies. In his gritty wreck of a voice, he has recorded 35 albums of his own songs, and last year he wrote the scores for two movies. It was not until last week, though, that McKuen got that ultimate symbol of success: his own TV special, a one-man show on NBC, called "Rod McKuen: The Loner."

McKuen's absence from the TV screen until then was a matter of his own choice. He had turned down every offer to do a television special until he could do it on his own terms: a half-hour one-man show over which he had total control and no interference.

The show had impressive sparseness. Wearing a formless sweater, black pants and sneakers, McKuen kept the talk to a discreet minimum and spent his time singing his songs—"The World I Used to Know," a melody of *Stanyan Street*, *Lonesome Cities* and *Listen to the Warm*—and reciting a poem about one of his few New York friends, *A Cat Named Sloopy*. He wandered through a set that seemed to have been plucked from a haunted harbor on San Francisco Bay. If the fog spewing out of the NBC special-effects machine looked at times as if it were going to swallow McKuen alive, at least the audience could rest assured that he would go down rasping out a song with lyrics that said something.

Rootless Childhood. The "Loner" title was corny but appropriate. McKuen has led his life mostly apart from oth-


ers. He was born into the Depression in a Salvation Army hospital in Oakland, Calif., shortly after his father had deserted the family. His mother worked as a waitress, a telephone operator and a dime-a-dance hostess until her marriage to a "cat-skinner"—the operator of Caterpillar tractors on Government road projects. McKuen was hauled from one construction site to another throughout the West and Northwest until, at age eleven, he split from his family and spent four years drifting in and out of small Western towns. He took odd jobs: rod man on a survey crew, plowman, cowboy.

After serving during the Korean War, he appeared at the Purple Onion in San Francisco. Then he signed with Universal as a player in a few forgettable beach epics. "I never sat through one of my pictures," McKuen recalls. "It wasn't so much that they were bad. It's just that they were so terribly dull." Universal dropped him, and he headed East. "I was desperate. I lived off selling my blood. Or putting on my blue suit and going to hotels and crashing conventions for the canapés."

The times were hard, but McKuen had a sweet tenor voice. In 1961 he wrote the music for a song that became a hit. *The Oliver Twist*. Capitalizing on his success, he set off on the road, doing 80 cities in eight weeks and singing his heart out. He sang so hard that his vocal cords were irreparably damaged; he was told that he would never sing again. But McKuen kept on, even though the tenor voice was replaced by a hoarse croak.

More than Tony. With his voice gone, McKuen concentrated more on his lonely poetry and song writing. Every time he sang, it sounded as if he needed to clear his throat—but the husky croak had a strange appeal for people who were sick of stick styling. The books and records came flooding out—and sold. McKuen is hardly modest about it, but why should he be? He is deliberately vague about how much money he made last year ("Two million? Three million? Four million? I don't know"), but he claims proudly that he sold 2,000,000 albums in 1968. "That's more than Andy Williams, more than Tony Bennett." The set for his television special, he says, "was the biggest single set ever built for TV." As a result of the show, he "had offers from every single network for a series."

In his newfound success, McKuen has been called banal; he has also been called the best contemporary songwriter in the U.S. Some put him down as the greatest put-on since Tiny Tim; others insist that he is the only American chansonnier. If being a loner rules out success and commercialism, then McKuen is obviously a phony loner. If it means preferring solitude to stereotyped stardom, then he is at least a contented oncelost. Or, as he says: "If I'm still alone by now it's by design! I only own myself, but all of me is mine."



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MILESTONES

Married. Dustin Hoffman, 31, the compellingly insecure antihero of *The Graduate* (TIME cover, Feb. 7); and Anne Byrne, 25, his frequent companion for three years (she for the second time); in a Reform Jewish ceremony attended by family and close friends; in Chappaqua, N.Y.

Died. Sir Osbert Sitwell, 76, fifth baronet, illustrious man of British letters, who with his equally famed sister, Dame Edith, and brother Sacheverell, devoted a lifetime to baiting the established ideas and figures of his age while celebrating the splendor of the past; of a heart attack; in Montagnana, Italy. "I belonged," he once wrote, "to the prewar era, a proud citizen of the great free world of 1914, in which comity prevailed." Not for him the modern age, in which "the sabre-toothed tiger and the ant are our paragons, and the butterfly is condemned for its wings, which are uneconomic." In his brilliantly styled poems, essays, novels (*Before the Bombardment*, 1926; *The Man Who Lost Himself*, 1929; *Miracle on Sinai*, 1933) and his monumental five-volume autobiography (*Left Hand, Right Hand*!), he re-created in all its opulence the *belle époque* in which he spiritually lived, yet, ironically displayed whimsical delight in shattering the social and cultural shibboleths of his peers. He described himself in *Who's Who* as one who "has conducted a series of skirmishes and hand-to-hand battles against the Philistine. Though outnumbered, has occasionally succeeded in denting the line, though not without damage to himself."

Died. Eddie Cicotte, 84, oldtime Chicago pitching ace and central figure in the 1919 World Series scandal that marked baseball's darkest hour; of cancer; in Detroit. In that tainted series, the American League's Chicago White Sox were heavy favorites over the National League's Cincinnati Reds, and Cicotte, with a 29-7 season's record, was a good bet to win at least two games. But gamblers offered Eddie and seven of his teammates several thousand dollars to throw the sport's most wanted prize, "Black Sox," screamed the fans. "I did it for the wife and kiddies," Eddie pleaded, but baseball's tough new commissioner, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, banned all eight players from baseball for life.

Died. Chief White Cloud, 102, last of a proud lineage of chieftains that once dominated the fabled American West, and friend of Sitting Bull, leader of the Creek Nation, whose oil-rich Oklahoma lands were taken over by the U.S. Government in 1907, after which the tribe scattered and he became a spiritualist minister and patent medicine salesman; of a stroke; in Canton, Ohio.



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BUSINESS

WEST GERMANY'S FINANCIAL DEFIANCE

FOR the fifth time in 18 months, the finely balanced monetary system that is the foundation of Western commerce tumbled into chaos. The crisis threatened to paralyze the system of fixed-exchange rates that has been fostering a rapid growth of trade, tourism and general prosperity. For the moment, world leaders seemed powerless to devise a lasting solution. The all but certain prospect is that more, and perhaps worse, trouble lies ahead.

The turbulence began with a modest run on the wobbly franc after Charles de Gaulle resigned and speculators became convinced that France would order a long-anticipated devaluation (TIME, May 9). Then, last week, the attack on the franc turned into a far more disruptive rush to buy West German marks. Convinced that economically potent Germany must soon raise the official value of its robust currency, speculators and more conservative businessmen all over the world swapped their money for marks in the expectation of a quick profit. A speculator who converted \$2,500,000 into marks, for example, stood to net \$190,000 if the mark's value were raised by 7%, as had been widely expected.

Unequivocal Decision. As the flood of funds into Germany grew to \$3 billion by some estimates, near panic swept European currency markets. Present arrangements call for each Western government to keep the official price of its money within 1% of its stated value. In an effort to hold the line, Denmark and Norway suspended all dealings in foreign money. France, Britain, Italy, Belgium and other countries were forced to dip into their reserves and sell dollars to maintain the official price of

their own currencies. Despite all this, in stunning defiance of the world's financial experts, West Germany's political leaders at week's end ruled out any upward revaluation of the mark from its present official level of 25½¢. "The decision," insisted Government Spokesman Conrad Ahlers, "is final, unequivocal and for eternity. The government now expects and hopes that the speculation over the mark will end."

That is unlikely. In comparison with most other major currencies, the mark remains undervalued by about 8% to 10%; the disparity between it and the French franc may be as much as 15% or 20%. Speculation in marks may subside for a while, as happened after the Germans refused to revalue last November. But as before, it will probably resume after a few months. Until the mark moves up and the franc moves down, closer to their real value, financial markets will remain unsettled.

Indiscreet Talk. Last week's decision outraged many of Germany's trading partners, who saw it as a shortsighted and selfish maneuver that threatens their own economies. The French are bound to feel that the Germans are trying to force them into devaluing just after their June 1 presidential elections. The British rightly fear that their fragile pound will come under renewed speculative attack. Britain's foreign debts far exceed its reserves of gold and foreign money, and sterling may be able to cling to its \$2.40 rate only if international creditors give the British more time to repay.

German government leaders aggravated last week's crisis with loose talk and internal wrangling. Indeed, the rush for marks rose to major proportions

after foreign financial centers reacted to an indiscreet remark made the week before by German Finance Minister Franz Josef Strauss, who admitted that "the D-Mark is undervalued against certain currencies." He added that Bonn might raise its value by 8% to 10% if other countries could be persuaded to make simultaneous changes.

Economics Minister Karl Schiller, fighting vainly to persuade his government to revalue, publicly attacked Strauss (without actually mentioning him by name) for uttering "confusing and rash statements." Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger dallied over a decision, apparently hoping to pressure the French into paring the value of the franc at the same time that Germany would effect a revaluation. All week, secret and not-so-secret meetings dragged on, amid veiled comments and halfhearted denials that only stimulated the stampede into marks. The final decision by Bonn's coalition Cabinet came at a four-hour emergency meeting, which ended after European markets closed for the week-end. Dividing along party lines, Kiesinger's and Strauss's Christian Democrats rebuffed the pleas of Schiller and his minority of Social Democrats for revaluation.

Political Motives. Kiesinger's *nein* was motivated largely by domestic politics. It upheld his pledge of last November that the mark would not be revalued while he remained in office. New federal elections will be held Sept. 28, and revaluation is unpopular with exporters and farmers, who would stand to lose money from it. Still, last week's political decision could prove economically unsound over the longer term. If foreign funds continue to pour in, Ger-

STEIN HARTMAN



STRAUSS



BAGS OF GERMAN MONEY IN FRANKFURT
Enough dissension to start a stampede.

JOHN H. MURPHY



SCHILLER

The Genie That Escaped from the Bottle

MOST of the speculative money that flooded into West Germany last week came from a volatile and increasingly powerful segment of the world's financial apparatus: the Eurodollar market. That market is a curious byproduct of two decades of U.S. balance of payments deficits. Eurodollars are nothing more than U.S. dollars on deposit in private banks abroad. The pool was organized in the late 1950s by London bankers who sensed that if they could marshal the billions of dollars already overseas, they could lend them out at a substantial profit. Business has been brisk ever since.

Today the Eurodollar market has expanded into a wholesale operation on a global scale. It involves roughly 500 banks in 40 countries. The banks accept deposits (minimum: \$25,000) and arrange loans (usually from \$100,000 up) among one another and with their customers over a telephone and Telex network. Fed most years by continuing U.S. payments deficits, the pool of money has grown geometrically from \$8 billion in 1964 to \$16 billion in 1967 to \$27 billion at the end of April.

Eurodollars create a mixture of benefits and headaches. On the plus side, they provide a vital source of private capital to finance world trade and the growth of international corporations. They bankroll oil exploration, highway construction and even occasional European government deficits. Without them, Europe would lack the investment capital to sustain its present pace of economic growth. The Eurodollar pool has also become a leading haven for nervous money. Fearful of devaluation, individual speculators and treasurers of large corporations swap comparatively weak currencies like British pounds or French francs for Eurodollars.

No government controls the supply of Eurodollars; nor is there any regulation of the interest rates on Eurodollar loans or the uses to which they are put. Thus the expatriate dollars are extraordinarily sensitive to the gyrations of monetary supply and demand. They race across national boundaries in response to tiny changes in interest rates, and their existence complicates government efforts to curb currency speculation. It is hardly surprising that European money men have come to regard the Eurodollar as a genie that has somehow escaped from its bottle.

All in all, the Eurodollar amounts to a new and highly controversial form of international currency. Last week in Strasbourg, Vice President Raymond Barre of the Common Market warned the European Parliament that Eurodollars have become "one of our continent's top-priority problems."

Financial leaders are particularly wor-

ried because the interest rates on Eurodollars have been rising with alarming speed. They jumped from 7% in December to a record 10% last week on three-month loans. Economic policymakers complain that the rise is leading to an unwanted worldwide increase in interest costs.

The immediate reason for the jump to last week's peak was the rush to borrow Eurodollars for conversion into German marks. Big-time speculators found it much easier to borrow on the Eurodollar market than to dig into their own pockets for the money.

A longer-standing cause of the rise in rates has been the U.S. Government's efforts to curb inflation at home. For many years, Europe's money men complained that the U.S. was "exporting inflation" by sending so many dollars abroad. Now Europeans commonly charge that American bankers are "exporting deflation" by taking too many dollars home. Squeezed for lendable funds by the Federal Reserve Board, U.S. bankers have been borrowing Eurodollars through their foreign branches and bringing them back. Since last September, U.S. banks have temporarily siphoned \$5 billion from the Eurodollar pool. Even before the crisis of the mark, this tactic had pushed up Eurodollar rates considerably.

As a result, European countries have been forced to take defensive action. A large difference between domestic and Eurodollar rates tempts European corporations and wealthy speculators to profit from the spread. They borrow cheaply at home, change the money into dollars at almost any bank, then deposit it elsewhere—usually in a foreign country—to earn enticing Eurodollar rates. For countries with low interest levels, the result is a drain on their own monetary reserves. Hoping vainly to prevent or reduce such a drain, Britain, Belgium, Sweden, Denmark and The Netherlands have raised their bank lending rates by 1% during the past three months. Many European money men are demanding that the Federal Reserve make it harder for American banks to bring Eurodollars home, but so far the board has spurned such appeals.

If interest rates climb any further, European central banks may be forced into a new round of rate increases or even outright exchange controls to prevent further losses of reserves. In either case, the consequences would hurt economic growth. The Eurodollar market has made the monetary problems of the U.S. and European countries unexpectedly interdependent. Central bankers on both sides of the Atlantic now face an urgent need to devise ingenious cooperative measures to avoid an international financial battle.

many's money supply may grow so large that domestic inflation will become a genuine danger. The Germans have had an extravagant fear of inflation ever since the early 1920s, when marks became so badly debased that a barrel full of them could barely buy one egg.

Need for Reform. Bonn plans to adopt some stiff measures to discourage foreign money from flowing in. A penalty charge on foreign deposits in German banks is among them. To curb its own exuberant economy, Bonn may well trim government spending and increase the 4% border tax placed on exports last year. Such measures, however, have proved ineffective in the past. If they do not work this time, Bonn's Cabinet majority may have to rethink its decision—perhaps soon.

The latest crisis makes clear once again that the international monetary system is badly in need of reform. At one time, nations were willing to combat trading deficits by adopting harsh deflationary measures that often meant fewer jobs; full-employment policies have largely eliminated that remedy. Countries with embarrassing surpluses also endanger the world's economic tranquility. It is clearly more difficult for other countries to induce a prosperous Germany to raise the value of its money than it would be to force a devaluation if the mark were weak.

All of which makes the present impasse more dangerous. The Germans have now copied Charles de Gaulle in substituting narrow nationalism for co-operation in monetary affairs. The last time such beggar-thy-neighbor policies became common, during the 1930s, they contributed mightily to the century's worst economic depression.

THE ECONOMY

What Peace Might Bring

Like General Sherman, most U.S. investors are convinced that war is something less than heaven. Last week, ignoring the normally bearish portents of monetary upheavals abroad and higher interest rates at home, Wall Street's customers seized on rumors of brightened peace prospects in Viet Nam to continue the stock market's best rally in more than a year. The Dow Jones industrial average rose four points to close at a year's high of 961.61. All told, the 38-point rise since late April was the Dow's best performance since 13 months ago—when peace talk was also in the air.

Wall Street, and much of the American business community, favors what Economist Paul A. Samuelson calls a "dovish-bullish syndrome"—which conjures up visions of a hybrid creature with wings, hooves and horns. Recent history shows that peace pays. World War II and Korea were followed not by the depressions that had been predicted, but only by mild recessions that were soon erased by new bursts of prosperity. A stand-down in Viet Nam would

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An increasing amount of confidential information is being stored in data processing systems. Computer users recognize the need to protect this information. Bob Courtney works on better ways to help them do it.



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THE "DOVISH-BULL"

help both to cool inflation and to open new opportunities for dealing with some of the social ills that hurt the nation and its economy.

Timetable for Transition. The economic consequences of peace would depend on the speed of its return. Only recently has the Administration begun a study, headed by Presidential Economic Adviser Heribert Stein, of how the transition should be made. No one expects a difficult conversion, partly because the war has driven a relatively small wedge into the economy. The defense budget accounts for only 9% of the nation's output of goods and services, compared with nearly 13% in Korea and 41% in World War II. Direct spending on the war amounts to 3% of the gross national product, and some 1,500,000 people hold war-related jobs.

One schedule prepared last year by Charles Schultze, then Lyndon Johnson's budget director, assumes that there will be a transition of two years or so from a war economy to something close to pre-Viet Nam conditions. Were a cease-fire to begin this July and troop withdrawal in January, Schultze figures that the current \$79 billion Pentagon budget could decline by \$7 billion in 1970 and by \$13 billion in 1971. Since about one-third of the demobilized G.I.s would be going back to school, the labor force would have to absorb only some 600,000 new members—not enough to pose serious employment problems.

Peace Stocks. Besides bringing G.I.s home, the war's end would free other draft-age Americans to pursue normal civilian careers and resume buying autos and houses. Those possibilities are reviving talk in Detroit of 10 million-car sales years. On Wall Street, shares of companies involved in construction have become favored "peace stocks."

The transition would span at least several quarters, partly because plants mak-

ing strategic stockpile items will have to keep running full tilt for a while to rebuild war-depleted inventories. Then, after Pentagon stocks were replenished, about 225,000 jobs at munition factories would be in jeopardy. New contracts—and the task of replacing some of the 2,690 planes and 2,608 helicopters destroyed in Viet Nam—would continue to keep aerospace firms fairly busy. They would not lose much more than \$2 billion of their current \$9 billion-a-year military aircraft business, and they might lose a great deal less. Textile and boot manufacturers would suffer, and so—to a lesser extent—would electronics companies, airlines and railroads. The prospects are that war-aggravated inflation would continue, at least for a short period. Many cost increases are programmed into the economy, among them a scheduled 9% pay raise for nearly 3,000,000 federal employees next July 1.

Debate over Dividend. The size and shape of the "peace dividend"—the resources freed to the nation by an end to the war—remains open to question. It would not be nearly as huge as claimed by those who blame all the nation's ills on Viet Nam. On the over-optimistic premise of a possible cease-fire early this year, Schultze projected a dividend that would grow from \$8 billion in 1971 to as much as \$40 billion a year in 1974 as the economy continued to expand. During his campaign, President Nixon mentioned a dividend figure of \$10 billion.

Nixon suggested that the dividend be split between a tax reduction and social programs, particularly aid to education. Before he joined the Administration, Economic Adviser Stein headed a Committee for Economic Development group that proposed spending

most of the money to alleviate urban, racial and poverty problems. The group also recommended cutting the basic corporate income tax back to 38%, down from the "temporary" Korean War rate of 48%. In any case, debate over the peace dividend should lead to a valuable new appraisal of the nation's priorities—and its fresh opportunities.

ENTERPRISES

Portable Parking Lots

Los Angeles, one of the most auto-clogged cities in the world, is trying a new solution for its traffic trauma: a portable parking lot. The product of a local firm called Portable Parking Structures, Inc., the lot is actually a three-level open garage that looks as if it were built with an oversize Erector set. The structure is bolted together from steel beams and prefabricated concrete slabs. It can be assembled quickly on temporarily unused downtown lots and dismantled within one week when the land must be vacated to make way for a new building.

The recently opened portable at the Los Angeles Civic Center accommodates up to 1,236 cars, and Portable Parking has contracts to build similar structures in San Francisco, St. Louis and Kansas City. Mo. J. J. Dreyfuss, the general manager, estimates that the firm will gross \$7,000,000 this year.

The portable parking lots can be built in half as much time and for one-third to one-half as much money as conventional poured-concrete structures. Convenient as they are, they have one drawback. Their appearance—which is most charitably described as functional—does not do much to improve the esthetics of a neighborhood. But what parking lot does?



TEMPORARY GARAGE IN LOS ANGELES

Taking some trauma out of traffic.

AUTOS

The Muscle-Car Market

A man and a woman, both sleek and young, lean against the low expanse of sassy red car that evokes images of unlimited speed. Beneath them a caption blares: "If you haven't got a past yet ... get a Much I, Now."

That cryptic advertising message divides the Now Generation, steeped in arcane automotive lore, from the majority of Americans, who still regard autos as something to trundle them to the supermarket or station and to be used for occasional longer trips. As the initiate knows, the Mach I is neither spaceship nor sound barrier. It is a hyped-up Mustang—one of Ford's fast-moving contenders in what Detroit calls "the

super car. Pontiac has "the Judge" in honor of the Rowan and Martin line "Here come de judge." Dodge promotes the Charger R/T, Mercury the "Cyclone Spoiler." Externally, the cars are distinguishable by their fat, pavement-gripping tires and often by air scoops that bulge over the hood or sides. To be truly eligible for the club, a muscle car must be able to race down a quarter-mile strip of pavement from a standing start in under 15 seconds.

Taking the Temperature. It is a popular achievement. The modern counterpart of the pool shark is a kid in a hopped-up car, cruising the hamburger joints along New Jersey's U.S. 1 or the Strip in Beverly Hills, looking for a competitor with whom he can drag race for money. For most buyers, however, the appeal is only psychological: few

rear deck to provide a downward thrust that adds traction to the wheels; it also has fixed louvers as bizarre sunshades on the rear window. The still more powerful "Boss 429" has a 375-h.p. engine that will whip the car from zero to 60 m.p.h. in less than six seconds. Even the Ford Fairlane, usually a sedate family car, becomes feverish when equipped with a new option: a 335-h.p. engine.

ANTITRUST

Tub of Trouble

When some executives of the bathroom fixtures industry gathered at their trade association meeting seven years ago, it seemed only natural that they get together over cocktails in the Sheraton-Chicago Hotel room of Daniel Quinn. He was then president of the



PLYMOUTH ROAD RUNNER



AMERICAN MOTORS SC/RAMBLER

The pitch is a neck-snapper.



MUSTANG "BOSS 302"

muscle-car" market, where the best sales pitch is neck-snapping acceleration. The new Mach I, which can be ordered with an engine of up to 335 h.p., already accounts for 22% of all Mustangs sold. There are many other muscle cars, and they now constitute at least 5% of the entire new-car market.

King Kong. Only a few years ago, when racing was banned and even a hint of extra horsepower was taboo, "performance" was a dirty word in Detroit. But speed sells cars. So the industry has gone back to offering more and more horsepower and speed.

General Motors has brought out its hairy Z/28 Camaro, which is available with front and rear wind "spoilers" that jut from the car body and improve handling at speeds of 100 m.p.h. and up. American Motors executives announced production of 500 tricolor SC/Ramblers—steamed-up versions of the family economy car—and then watched delightedly as a flood of orders obliged them to triple the total. Sales of Plymouth's 1969 Road Runner—available with the "beep, beep" horn of its cartoon namesake and a 425 h.p. "King Kong" engine—have so far totaled 40,000, up 94% over the equivalent period last year.

Almost every manufacturer offers a

ever utilize the full potential of their machines. The kick they want is a sense of power and a feeling of youthfulness.

The growing stable of muscle cars has given insurance executives a bad case of nerves. Neal E. Mann, executive secretary of the Independent Automobile Damage Appraisers Association, has proposed that cars be rated according to the six factors that contribute to acceleration—engine size, number of carburetor barrels, compression ratio, weight, pounds per horsepower and axle ratio. One Pennsylvania-based company, the Erie Insurance Exchange, already uses the horsepower-weight ratio to take the temperature of a prospective car and refuses to write new policies on any that register "hot." As Mann told a group of insurers in a speech: "It is obvious that performance cars are involved in a much higher number of accidents than nonperformance cars."

Despite the growing alarm, Detroit continues to promote the speed derby. General Motors has just introduced an all-aluminum 550-h.p. engine for the Corvette Sting Ray; with that power pack, the car costs about \$9,000. Ford hopes to lure speedsters with a souped-up Mustang, called the "Boss 302." The auto is built with a wing across the

Plumbing Fixture Manufacturers Association and a vice president of American Standard Inc., the industry leader. Congeniality was the order of the day.

William Kramer, executive secretary of the P.F.M.A., thought that the conversation centered more on price-fixing than football. As a result, he used a hidden recorder to keep track of subsequent conversations among industry executives. In 1963, Kramer fled to the Caribbean with \$175,000 of the association's money and a stack of potentially damaging tapes. Later he was arrested and sentenced to 18 months in prison for writing bad checks and several other offenses. Soon afterwards, his tapes turned up at the Justice Department, whose subsequent investigation uncovered evidence of widespread price-fixing in the industry. Justice won two indictments charging 15 companies, eight high executives and the association with using the Chicago hotel room meeting—and other gatherings—to rig prices.

Collective Bargaining. Two weeks ago, a federal court jury in Pittsburgh handed down a guilty verdict. Convicted of violating the Sherman Act were American Standard, Kohler Co., and Borg-Warner Corp.—along with Daniel Quinn, Vice President Norman R. Held

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In 1973, Mars will move into a favorable position for flights from earth. It is then that an earth craft called Viking—looking, perhaps, like this model—will land on the red planet to begin exploring for life forms. Our Aerospace Group has been working with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration since 1965 on plans for this epic exploration. We have pioneered new concepts in propulsion, guidance, communications, spacecraft sterilization and biological detection systems. Viking will be an automated laboratory-spacecraft packed with delicate instruments to analyze and report back to earth on the physical, thermal and chemical environment of Mars. Yet it must be rugged enough to travel for six months over a 280,000,000 mile course and land on Mars' surface. Success should bring answers to profound questions about the origins of the universe.

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MARTIN MARIETTA



HAULING IN A CATCH
It's all in the net.

of Kohler and Joseph J. Decker, manager of product coordination at American Standard. Last year the other twelve companies,* the P.F.M.A. and five executives had decided not to fight the charges; all pleaded "no contest." The courts levied fines totaling \$712,500, and the executives served jail sentences of from one to 30 days.

The companies that chose to fight—American Standard, Kohler and Borg-Warner—were accused of conspiring to boost the prices of bathroom fixtures, collectively regulating trade discounts and agreeing to drop cheaper lines. The charges held that an informal cartel operated from 1962 to 1966.

Avoiding the Stains. The three companies and the executives are appealing the decision. They point out that the price of bathtubs, for example, fell from \$49.59 to \$40 during the first year that the so-called conspiracy was in operation. Further, they contend that the lines dropped from production were inferior products that could be stained by modern detergents and no longer met standards set by the Department of Commerce.

The real impact on the companies is yet to come. Already more than 500 suits have been filed by individuals, cities and states, most seeking triple damages from the companies. If the guilty verdicts survive appeal, and precedents involving the electrical and drug industries continue to serve as guidelines, the damages could ultimately total billions of dollars.

* Crane Co., Universal-Rundle Corp., Briggs Manufacturing Co., Gerber Plumbing Fixtures Corp., Ogden Corp., Mansfield Sanitary Inc., Peerless Pottery Inc., Kilgore Ceramics Corp., Lawndale Industries Inc., Georgia Sanitary Pottery Inc., Wallace-Murray Corp., Rheem Manufacturing Co.



ICTALURUS PUNCTATUS

FOOD

Catfish Harvest

The catfish (*Ictalurus punctatus*) is a repulsive-looking creature, a spiny, be-whiskered bottom scavenger that will eat nearly anything and thrives in some of the most polluted U.S. rivers. Northern fishermen usually throw catfish away in disgust, but tens of thousands of Americans, mostly in the South, consider its sweet white flesh a delicacy. This is especially so when it comes from catfish raised in the comparatively clean waters of a commercial pond.

Bamboo Beginnings. In response to this appetite, a growing number of farmers are flooding their acreage and raising fish instead of conventional crops. Last year the nation's 4,000 catfish farmers sold some 12 million lbs. of their product, and the 1972 harvest is projected at 52 million lbs. by the Interior Department's Bureau of Commercial Fisheries.

Switching to catfish makes sound financial sense. The fish require less care than crops and bring their growers a fatter price per pound (40¢ to 50¢ live weight) than beef, pork or poultry. One of the first to discover the market was Edgar Farmer, 57, who stocked a pond ten years ago with a dozen "channel cats" that he had caught with a bamboo pole in the Arkansas River. Last year Farmer reaped \$55,000 from 500 acres of catfish ponds. They are far more profitable than the 1,300 acres he devotes to rice, soybeans and subsidized cotton. Like most catfish raisers, Farmer can sell all he produces. Last week he sold 60,000 fingerlings and 50 pairs of brood fish, including 25 pairs of hard-to-raise "blue cats," to United Fruit Co., which hopes to raise catfish in Central American ponds.

Rising Demand. The fish farmers get a good deal of aid from Washington, where pond-raised catfish are regarded as one answer to a rising U.S. demand for all types of fish products. The Agriculture Department's Soil Conservation Service, for example, offers free technical advice on the construction of ponds for catfish farming or flood-control purposes.

A variety of new products, services and jobs is growing up around the thriving catfish industry. Ralston Purina and other manufacturers have developed special catfish foods. Several firms are experimenting with pumps, mechanical feeders and harvesters, and there is a race to develop the best machine to behead, skin and eviscerate catfish. "Chip" Farmer and his neighbors in Dumas,

Ark., have opened the nation's first catfish-processing plant, a cooperative that will package 900,000 lbs. of fish this year. Restaurant chains specializing in farm-grown catfish are opening up in Tennessee, Arkansas and Mississippi. In time, the taste for *Ictalurus punctatus* may even move north.

EUROPE

A Nordic Common Market

Neighboring cooperation is a Nordic tradition, and Scandinavia's parliamentary representatives meet annually to coordinate their countries' laws. Doctors or teachers can practice anywhere in Scandinavia. Citizens move freely across borders, and criminals sentenced in another country can even serve their jail terms in their homeland. Now, Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Finland are moving to carry their friendship a step further by creating Nordek—a Nordic economic community.

Last week Swedish Prime Minister Tage Erlander, a major supporter of Nordek, met at his country estate with President Urho Kekkonen and Prime Minister Mauno Koivisto of Finland. Their decision—to push ahead with the year-old negotiations to bring Nordek into being—reflected a realization that, despite Charles de Gaulle's departure, Europe is far from becoming one grand market.

Nordek will introduce a third grouping into the European economic picture. With a population of 21 million and a combined gross national product of \$50 billion, the four countries already constitute the European Common Market's second largest customer after the U.S. Under Nordek, they will remain in the seven-member European Free Trade Association,* through which four-fifths of intra-Scandinavian trade currently passes duty-free. They plan to establish a customs union that will free all trade among Nordic countries and enact common external tariffs against non-EFTA members. Most important, they will work toward closer economic integration, including completely unrestricted flows of capital across borders.

The negotiations mean something different to each of the participants. The Norwegians hope that Nordek will stabilize prices for their troubled fishing industry, which is suffering from growing competition. The Danes look to it for ways to reduce their staggering farm surpluses. The Finns see Nordek as a means of strengthening their commercial ties with the rest of Scandinavia and reducing their uneasy dependence on the Soviet Union. As for the Swedes, they see it as a way of broadening their powerful industrial base and moving deeper into the Russian market by way of Finland.

* EFTA members are Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Austria, Switzerland, Portugal and the United Kingdom. Finland is an associate member.



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the aircraft, but I'll still request clear-
ance to get over it.**

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ago, my first instructor told me some-
thing.**

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them from point A to point B without
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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Drag Race

"Gentlemen, start your engines." So goes the traditional opening of the Indianapolis 500. **Winning**, a film shakily based on that classic competition, only misfires.

Fresh from *Rachel, Rachel* and stale from lack of motivation, Paul Newman and his wife Joanne Woodward career through the movie looking for an opportunity to display their talents. They have to struggle with a plot as full of gimmicks as a garage. Race Driver Frank Capua (Newman) meets aging Avis girl (Woodward). She tries harder: he marries her. Alas, Capua suffers from autoeroticism. Night after night he stays at the speedway, revving up his car instead of his wife. One morning he comes home to find her in the arms of another driver (Robert Wagner).

Capua's race relations deteriorate. The compulsive winner becomes a perpetual loser—until the day of the big one, the Indy 500. Director James Goldstone even manages to make a wreck of the most celebrated American auto race. Progress is as circular and unsurprising as the movement of a minute hand; the script is reminiscent of a radio play, with an announcer booming: "It's a different Frank Capua out there today!" When the film casts a sociological eye, it is toward such riddled targets as baton-twirling teeny-boppers and accident-hungry spectators.

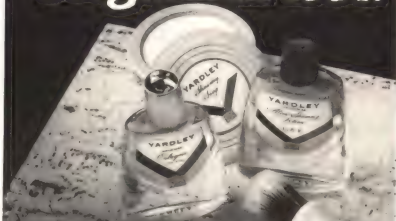
The stars obviously relish working together, and in fleeting scenes exhibit their celebrated force and subtlety, but *Winning* stifles any attempt at authentic emotion or excitement. The Newmans are hard-driving, lifelong competitors; both now seem ready for a pit stop.



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Thrown for a Loss

About the only reason to see Kenner is to watch Jim Brown. The rest of the film is so awful that it makes an average TV series look like *Citizen Kane*. Brown, who has taken more punishment from his movie roles than he ever did on the gridiron, continues to give promise of becoming a commanding screen personality. All he seems to need is practice, and that is just about all that Kenner gives him.

Brown appears—reluctantly, it often seems—as an American sailor in Bombay trying to track down the man who murdered his shipmate by cutting him into “Christmas ribbons.” When the bad guy’s “holy assassins” rough Kenner up and leave him for dead, he is helped out by a quaint little street urchin (Ricky Cordell) and his humanistic Mom (Madlyn Rhue). After a couple of weeks of tender care from Junior and loving from Mom, Kenner is ready to resume his mission. All that talk around the house about karma and reincarnation, however, has cramped his vindictive style. From bar to bordello, Kenner’s search for the villains is stymied by long second thoughts on such weighty matters as bloody retribution, fatherhood and even marriage.

Called upon to deliver lines like “Saji says you play a mean sitar,” Brown is frequently thrown for a loss by the script and the lazy incompetence of the direction. He nevertheless emerges with comparatively few scars and no crippling injuries. Still, patience is far rarer in audiences than in performers. Kenner is the third Brown film released so far this year (others: *Riot*, *100 Rifles*), and viewers by this time may have grown justifiably weary of watching him in histrionic training.

Stupefyin’ Dross

Gregory Peck in an underwater love scene? The notion is only improbable; the picture is impossible.

Conceived as a classic western about the pursuit of one of those bitch goddesses, *Mackenna’s Gold* is manned by an honor roll of movie stars of the ‘40s: Lee J. Cobb, Raymond Massey, Eduardo Ciannelli, Burgess Meredith, Edward G. Robinson, Keenan Wynn. Together they pick the hambone clean in a search for the usual lost gold cache—before they get wiped out in the customary massacre. Left over are a Mexican villain (Omar Sharif), leathery Marshal Mackenna (Gregory Peck), one surly, burly Apache and two obligatory ladies. The blonde (Camilla Sparo), supposedly Arizona-born and -bred, speaks with a heavy Swedish accent. The Indian maiden (Julie Newmar) is a red-skinned Stupefyin’ Jones, left over from the musical *Li’l Abner*. In the movie’s sole sex scene, she is submerged in a tarn, seemingly nudish but actually prudish in a body stocking.

Peck, all dignity, stalks senselessly through the film like a man in some-

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SHARIF & PECK IN "MACKENNA'S GOLD"
Notion impossible.

one else's nightmare. The dreamer is Film Maker Carl Foreman, whose shoddy special effects and flaccid production soon turn *Mackenna's Gold* into solid dross. To fill up the film, he has José Feliciano twanging a narrative ballad and Quincy Jones's thunderously atmospheric music throughout. The result sounds like pebbles clattering down the Grand Canyon.

Faking It

"David Hoffman had the camera!" the advertisements shriek. "Murray King had the guts!" All this hysterical flackery is on behalf of an ersatz documentary called *King, Murray*, which pompously passes itself off as a piece of "spontaneous fiction."

Hoffman and his co-film maker Jonathan Gordon focus blurrily on a corpulent little insurance hustler from Long Island named Murray King. In the *cinéma vérité* manner, they track him with camera and sound equipment from his office through some endless conferences to a business vacation at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, all the while mocking their subject and his legion of clients, chippies and hangers-on. Despite the documentary pretense, it turns out that many of the scenes were staged expressly for the film. Only diehard viewers who survive to the last few frames will get to see the strategically placed disclaimer.

In their search for "truth," Hoffman and Gordon have come up with a new genre, a kind of *cinéma mendicite* that conveniently allows them to put a lot of gullible egomaniacs through their paces and exploit them at the same time. As might be expected from men of such scruples, the resultant film is tacky and insufferably condescending. It invites audiences to laugh at a pathetic, driven man, while the real clowns peek out from behind the cameras.

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BOOKS

Epistle to the Mugs

THE LONDON NOVELS OF COLIN MACINNES (CITY OF SPADES, ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS, MR. LOVE AND JUSTICE) 626 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$7.50.

On one side is "the great community of the mugs," also known as yobboes, taxpayers and sordids. They are all those sober, serious folk who "just don't want to know" but who live in the illusion that they are the real inhabitants of London. On the other side, opposed to the mugs, are spades, teen-agers, whores and their poncees and pimps, coppers and their marks, junkies, gangsters black and white, seamen, Asians, layabouts and homosexuals. They are natives of the swinging London that no tourist sees, the ever-shifting, dodge-through-it city on a salt estuary, rich to eye and nose, whose alleys once thrived for Defoe, whose street cries ring back to Thomas Dekker. This is the London of Colin MacInnes, the one literary man who sings the city's cries today.

Over the past decade, MacInnes has celebrated his city and its way-in outsiders in two fair novels and a third that is superb. The three have now been reissued after long neglect, enabling the reader to roam the nightside of London with MacInnes. Such trips involve whispers, a confusion of lights, pound notes exchanging hands, presences, but most typically a shabby street that could never be found again and a plunge down a dim staircase. At the bottom, a door. Closed, heavy, guarding the Platonic idea of door. Inside, music, smoke, cadenced talk as pungent as the smoke, and with it a sniff of corruption, a hint of menace. The scene may actually be a TV director's fashionable flat. It may be a club where acid-heads meet. It may be an African gambling house. Wherever it is, MacInnes' name and rangy, white-haired frame get one through that door. Known in queer world and straight world alike, MacInnes is passport and safe-conduct through the black communities of London. At 54, he is the oldest living member of the youth underground.

Rescue by the Army. MacInnes is a native alien even at home, a man bred to the observation of outsiders from inside. He is a Scotsman born in London, reared in Australia. His mother was Novelist Angela Thirkell. MacInnes escaped Australia and a law scholarship in 1930 at 16, spent five years in Brussels, a businessman by grace of a family connection, but by nature a bohemian who spent much of his time "conversing with writers, painters, musicians." For three years in London he studied painting, "until I was rescued by the army." After the war, he joined BBC Radio and began to write.

Each of these three books begins where a cold sociological observation rubs against a poetic perception of

slangy slumside talk. Teen-age talk particularly. Years before anyone else had noticed, MacInnes stopped and listened to the English kids. Their songs and entire culture, he saw, were rocking out in accents more than half American. Years before the Beatles, he predicted (in the memorable essay "Young England, Half English") exactly what the Beatles would sound like and be like.

Mr. Ronson Lighter. The imaginative leap from adolescent affluence and angst to a perception of teen-age attitudes is what gives *Absolute Beginners* its moral energy. The novel would be no more than a cheerful nature walk from the Elephant and Castle to Not-



COLIN MACINNES
Native alien.

ting Hill if MacInnes did not see beneath all the apparent irresponsibility. What he finds is the fusion of caring and a concern for style that leaves young people unimpressed by questions of race or war or money.

Away ahead of public concern over civil liberties and possible abuse of constabulary power, MacInnes knew that he did not like policemen. So, in *Mr. Love and Justice*, he contrived a minut about how the police and vice prey on each other. Born policeman, MacInnes believes, think like born criminals. Both move through the world of mugs with alert and total mistrust.

The joy and triumph of MacInnes' trio is *City of Spades*. MacInnes was one of the first whites to say very loudly that black is beautiful; the light-heartedness of his evidence still rings out. When he brought a character named Johnny Fortune from Lagos to London twelve years ago, few people in England were thinking of racial tension or

predicting an Enoch Powell. MacInnes set Johnny and a white friend loose in an African and West Indian shadow world full of jouncing characters with cross-rough names: Mr. Peter Pay Paul, Mr. Karl Marx Bo (a future Prime Minister for sure), Mr. Ronson Lighter, and villainous Billy Whispers. The result was British high-low comedy, presented with affection and delight. When he took these people among whites who even then self-consciously affected Spade guests, the satire said everything that could be said about white liberalism. And because MacInnes abandoned his tape recorder, relying on his ear for synecopation and dislocated verbal wit, the language, no matter how angry, is lilting and indelible.

MacInnes' ear for the issues is sound too. His robust sympathies never crush his judgment. Beneath the charm and humor, sadness lurks. Mr. Karl Marx Bo says, looking around the Moonbeam club: "Serious individual as I am, I cannot always resist the lure of a little imitation joy." By the end, the tinsel has peeled for Johnny Fortune. After a police frame-up and a month in jail on a marijuana charge, he sets out to join his family in Lagos—full of shame and defiance: "Let them kill every Spade that's in the world, and leave but just two, man and woman, and we'll fill up the whole globe once more and win our triumph!" In this novel, MacInnes is more than a mugs' guide to a city and a race he loves and mourns. He is a fond pioneer explorer of the almost reachless gap between the races, and what manner of reconciliation may be possible.

Dynastic Pickings

THE BOUVIERS by John H. Davis. 424 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$10.

Almost as common as a taxi driver's conviction that his experiences would make a terrific book is the delusion that one's fascinating family would make a colorful chronicle. John H. Davis, 39, who has been working on educational projects for the past ten years, first thought that he had a novel in the shirt-sleeves-to-Social Register saga of his forebears and contemporaries, the Bouviers. When a cousin named Jacqueline became America's First Lady and then a fabulous folk heroine, it was immediately obvious to the highly motivated men of the book business that the story of this man's family was too valuable a property to be frittered away in fiction.

Two other writers were persuaded to get off Mr. Davis' literary turf. The publishers were only too glad to let him run on for 424 pages, including three genealogical tables and 19 pages of bibliographical notes—as though the Bouviers were either highly significant or vastly entertaining.

They are neither. As a result, the book is engorged with minutiae that might better have been left in the filing cabinet. Much of it is Dun & Brad-

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street; the Bouviers' commonest denominator seems to have been a preoccupation with getting and spending. Getter No. 1 was Michel, a cabinetmaker from the Rhone Valley, who fled France after Waterloo to settle in Philadelphia and accumulate a tidy fortune in real estate. Getter No. 2 was one of his sons, Michel Charles. With his brother John, he bought seats on the New York Stock Exchange right after its reorganization in 1869 and proceeded to make the most of those free and easy times when rigging the market was one of the everyday facts of life. Quite appropriately, Wall Streeters referred to the amateur investors as "lamb." The \$2,490,000 that Michel Charles left in 1935, when he finally died at 88, bailed the Bouviers out of the financial doldrums—for a while.

This was not all that he did for the family. He set them up with ten French-speaking servants in his mansion on 46th Street in Manhattan, bequeathing them a luxurious life-style that included a listing in the *Social Register* and a spuriously noble family tree—an embellishment not unheard of in those days among Americans with pretensions. One of the Auchinclosses, John Davis notes, concocted a chart tracing the family's descent from the royal lines of England, Scotland and France.

The Sheik. Prominent among Bouvier spenders was John Vernou Bouvier III, whose advent in the Bouvier story signals the start of those sections of the book that have induced most of its buyers to shell out their \$10. Jack Bouvier was the father of two daughters, Jacqueline and Lee.

Among his Stock Exchange colleagues he was known variously as



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"Black Jack," "The Sheik" and "The Black Orchid." "The Black Narcissus" might have been more appropriate; he was a love-'em-and-leave-'em sort of fellow who had his shirt collars cut especially high to set off his perpetual sun-lamp tan, and once hung six photographs of himself in his bedroom. He extended his self-preoccupation far enough to include his two daughters—heaping exaggerated praise on Jackie to her face at family dinners and complaining that she did not spend enough time with him. When her mother, Janet, married again, Black Jack was consumed by jealousy of the higher standard of living that their stepfather was able to offer Lee and Jackie. At Jacqueline's wedding to young Senator John F. Kennedy in Newport, he became so incapacitated that he was unable to give the bride away.

Two Funerals. The final section of the book has some small rewards for Jackie-watchers: her charisma for her cousins as a young girl; her crisply efficient organization of her father's funeral (including picking up a favorite picture of him from one of his woman friends and sending Husband J.F.K. with it around to the *New York Times*); the Kennedys v. the Bouviers at the President's inaugural; John Jr.'s third birthday party on the day of his father's funeral.

What Cousin John Davis saw for himself is well enough observed and described. What he did not is competently served up. For all the attractions of a Bouvier-cum-Kennedy portrait, less than ravenous readers will find this book pretty thin and tasteless pickings.

Bums or Bunyans

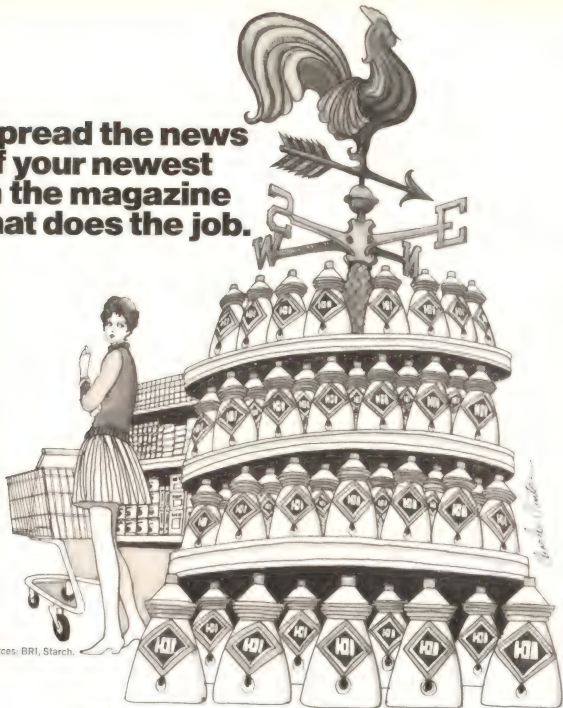
THE GUNFIGHTER by Joseph G. Rosa.
229 pages. University of Oklahoma Press.
\$5.95.

The strong, silent stereotype of the Western gunfighter has been shot full of holes by a hard-eyed generation of frontier historians. To hear the debunkers tell it, the fastest guns in the West were for the most part dirty, drunken, vicious, stupid, syphilitic delinquents who seldom drew anything more dangerous than a one-eyed jack, and hardly had the copones to face a tranquilized prairie dog in a fair fight.

To hear Author Joseph G. Rosa tell it, though, the debunkers have gone too far. A Western buff who lives in England, Rosa has written a well-informed and lively book that tries to make a balanced reevaluation of the six-gunslinger in the making of America. Rosa ends by according him a special status, halfway between John Bunyan and outright bum, as a marked-down culture hero who created for his epic era a flawed but salient image of the male.

Given the violence of the age, says Rosa, the "gunfighter" was largely created through the mechanical ingenuity of one man: Samuel Colt. By 1861, there were nine main varieties of Colt re-

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JAMES BOYS (FRONT) & YOUNGER BROTHERS
Panic was the principal symptom.

volvers (mostly known as "Peacemakers" or "hog-legs") in use on the frontier. They constituted the most dramatic revolution in sheer firepower since the invention of the musket. Colt revolvers were fast and reliable. In superior hands they could regularly hit a five-inch circle at 50 yards. At 100 yards, the Peacemaker could drive a bullet more than three inches into a pine plank. With such a weapon a skilled "shootist" became the most deadly single engine of extermination that the U.S. had seen until then.

Fortunately, real shooting skill was not a prominent characteristic of Western gunslingers. They were, as Fred Allen once remarked, only "half-fast on the draw" and far too quick on the trigger—an occupational affliction that the Rosa hook implies was really an affliction of character. The Western gunfighters apparently had magnificent courage—and galloping neuroses.

Panic was their principal symptom. It is not hard to see why. In the wolf-pack society of the cattle and mining towns where most of the man-killers hung their Stetsons, the gunfighter was top dog and therefore fair game for every pup that put metal on his leg. Inevitably, the hot shots became permanently over-adrenalized. In addition to a brace of hog-legs, anxious brawlers carried as many as four "stingy guns" concealed in their clothing. Even the great Wyatt Earp grew so tense, one story goes, that his bowels refused to move properly for a year while he was Marshal of Tombstone. At the climax of one showdown, Wild Bill Hickok, the iciest killer of them all, got so rattled that he shot to death a deputy who was rushing to his rescue.

For such strain, there had to be compensations. Most of the great gunfighters knocked back a mortar of whisky, most

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of it "of a quality that would make a rab-bit fight a bulldog." They also sought peace in the company of the "soiled doves" that flocked West after the Civil War. All too often, the doves turned out to be harpies. Rosa reports an episode in which a prostitute knelt and screamed cock-a-doodle-doo as she splashed happily in the hot blood of a stranger who had just been ventilated. As for Calamity Jane, Wild Bill's putative paramour, she was once thrown out of a bordello "for being a low influence on the inmates." Money was a more reliable consolation. Apparently, most famous gunfighters, no matter which side of the law they were on, would do almost anything to get it. The James boys and the Younger brothers knocked over banks and trains; the Earps and the Hickoks put the squeeze on local entrepreneurs.

To die with his boots on was about the best a gunfighter could hope for in the end. If he died on the gallows, the amateur hangmen were apt to miscalculate the drop; at least once, the force of the fall tore the victim's head off his body. If a corpse were not carefully guarded, it could wind up in the hands of the souvenir hunters, who had a nasty habit of flaying celebrities and preserving them for posterity. For example, Big Nose George Curry, who was done to death by a posse at Castle Gate, Utah, survived his execution in the form of a man-hide wallet.

A Ringing in the Third Ear

THE NEW YORKERS by Hortense Calisher. 559 pages. Little, Brown. \$7.95.

This massive family chronicle begins impressively and then dissipates itself in authorial rhetoric and an obsessively circular kind of storytelling. In the end, the balance left to praise is slighter by the measure of Novelist Calisher's fondness for the supersubtle.

The *New Yorkers* of the title are the Mannixes, members of a dwindling clan of well-to-do Jews, and their carefully tolerant gentile connections. The story begins in the 1940s at a political dinner given in honor of Judge Simon Mannix, a shrewd, large-minded man who has been "mentioned" for the Supreme Court. He is well sketched by the author, and one impudent touch is superfluous: Mannix has a deaf son, she relates, and thus has learned to lip-read. To know what is being whispered at a testimonial dinner is to be an ironist, and Mannix is one. As he leaves the dinner to exchange ruefulness with an ancient Virginia jurist, the reader looks forward to a wry tour, perhaps in the Edwin O'Connor manner, of the world of liberal politics and conservative finance in which the old Jewish and old WASP families of New York meet.

Addicted to Dashes. But on his return home, Mannix arrives at the precise instant when his twelve-year-old daughter shoots and kills her mother,

whom she has found in bed with a lover. From this point, the story starts to eddy in sluggish circles. Judge Mannix, who had seemed to be the novel's main character, drops from the author's primary notice. He is not really replaced; instead, his crippled family is endlessly viewed and reviewed by its remaining members and a succession of friends. This inward turning is less absorbing than Novelist Calisher believes it to be. She listens with a tirelessly sensitive third ear for the psychological reverberations of the shooting, but there is little out of the ordinary to hear.

Straining for nuance distorts her prose. Unstrained, it moves in clear, strong sentences. Speaking of a man to whom education comes hard, she writes: "For a while he dragged each idea up the stairs like a heavy body." Listening for portents, she becomes girlish, sib-



HORTENSE CALISHER
Eddy in sluggish circles.

ylline, addicted to dashes and italics: "Consciousness, when first frightened into being, wants all the more to live by the fencepost and the stone. The human part is in speaking of it at all. Where I might have to lie. But I could have told anyone at once, like a shot, what I was afraid of. Anything in the bestiary describes its fears—as it moves."

The novel does come fitfully to life, usually in some transitional scene where the author is forced to view the society in which her New Yorkers still move. A wedding is done well: so is a smoothed-over gaffe at a dinner party and an old ballerina with her beauty in ruins but her vanity intact. The suspicion grows during the slow passage through this glib volume that it is not rightfully a psychological novel, but a strayed social one. It moves repeatedly in that direction, and always the author drags it back. That is her privilege, of course. Still, it is true that a clear eye, which she certainly has, can sometimes be more valuable than a third ear.



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This "scion," or cutting, is then grafted to the stem of a young rooted tree in a seed orchard, an area of the nursery where trees with known characteristics are grown for seed. The host stem serves only to provide roots and nourishment for the grafted cutting, and may even be of a different species.

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The grafted cutting soon bears flowers because it is from a mature tree. The pink, long-stemmed female flowers of this pine have been covered with plastic bags so that no undesirable pollen can reach them. Then the bag is injected with pollen grains from another selected tree from the seed orchard.



When seeds form in the growing cones, the cones are picked and the seeds are extracted by mechanical shakers. The seeds are then kept in cool, dry storerooms.

The seeds are planted in nursery beds where they grow under carefully controlled conditions—fertilized, weeded, watered by sprinklers. After a year they have grown sturdy roots and well-developed foliage, and can be safely transplanted.



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